This Fractured Democracy *A Special Supplement*

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TRB

from Washington
November 9, 1974

Politics and Hunger

Except that Mr. Ford likes to campaign we don't see why he did it in this election. He has a lot at stake in maintaining his personal prestige and in keeping what little momentum he has been able to achieve in Congress. He risked both of these in his increasingly partisan appeals across the country. The mood of the nation, we think, is not so much apathetic as sour and sullen—fed up with Washington and politics. Why vote? some asked. Others looked for a chance to punish Republicans. With unnecessary energy Mr. Ford exposed himself to this crossfire.

A good many political writers aren't aware of the iron rule of midterm elections, or don't give it what we regard as adequate weight, yet the fact remains that only one President in over a century has broken the rule; that was FDR in 1934. He brought 97 Democrats in on his coattails in 1932 and then to the amazement of observers brought in 14 more seats two years later. Every other sitting President has lost House seats at midterm. Normally the midterm bounce-back of the "out" party is bigger if the presidential party won by a landslide two years before.

In Mr. Ford's case, we guess that he faced a normal loss of perhaps 25 House seats just because Richard Nixon had won the White House two years earlier. It speaks all the more for his loyalty, or audacity, or partisanship, or whatever it was, that he entered the fray against such odds and accepted the consequences of turning a series of largely isolated geographical contests into a kind of national referendum in which he shared responsibility.

Why is it that so few Americans bother to vote? After every election somebody berates the public for indifference, apathy or irresponsibility. Look at the way foreigners vote, they say. One big reason, of course, is that advanced industrial democracies make it easier for voters. Here is the testimony, for example, of Eugene Forsey, writing in *The Machinist* three years ago about trying to get workers to vote.

"One of the biggest jobs of labor's political action committees in the US is to get voters to register. But in Canada voters are not required to register. The government makes up the list . . . The basic job which the American political action group has to do for itself has been done for the Canadian group at the start."

That's true in virtually all other democracies. The problem in Europe is to get yourself *off* the voter registration roll. When you reach voting age the thing somehow seems to happen automatically; the local authorities do it. Penn Kimball in *The Disconnected* (Columbia University Press paperback) calls US registration laws a major cause of sparse voting. Americans are the most mobile people on earth, yet in many sections if you merely move from one suburb to another you are caught in a time-consuming bureaucratic snarl for reregistration. The proportion of nonvoters here is double that abroad, says the University of Michigan Survey Research Center.

That's why reformers have been trying to get universal enrollment laws to bring America abreast of other democracies. It is sometimes called "postcard registration" but it could be operated in a number of ways. It's an idea whose time has almost come. But why should satisfied incumbents want more voters? A change might bring in dissatisfied low-income groups and blacks. In 1970 67 percent of the incumbents running for Congress were unopposed by anybody in their own party, and 11 percent of the incumbents were unopposed by *anyone*. Those incumbent congressmen aren't eager for change. In short we make it difficult for more people to vote in America because it would challenge the very cozy status quo we now have; a system that makes it so hard to reform the inequitable tax laws, for example.

The day after the election the World Food Conference opens in Rome, at which the United States will almost certainly play the decisive part. Henry Kissinger will speak and we can get back to global matters. The world is shrinking. More and more we grudgingly face that fact that we are interconnected. First it was oil, now hunger. To visualize all those billions of people is impossible. Suppose we think of it boiled down to a small town or village of 1000 people. It would work out like this, and I borrow the idea from Daniel Shaughnessy in *War on Hunger*.

Some 570 of the villagers are Asian; 190 European; 100 African; 90 North American (including 60 United States); and 50 are South American.

Of the 1000 villagers, 700 are nonwhite. Five hundred go to bed hungry every night and half of the latter are suffering debilitating malnutrition. "Eight hundred live in shacks or mud huts, mostly in quarters less adequate than those normally provided for farm animals in the United States," he says.

Here are other facts about that global village. The 60 US citizens receive about one-half of the total income of the community, every year. The other half is divided very unequally among the remaining 940. Some of these do quite well, particularly those from the industrialized countries of Europe and Japan. That means that for the rest the amount of income is so low as to be inadequate from any standpoint, particularly food.

Our village at present birthrates will double by 2010 AD. Only that won't happen; it is now evident that the death rate will begin to climb if the birthrate doesn't promptly come down. In the meantime the 60 US citizens use 30 percent of all the village's energy, and eat so much of the meat that they suffer various alimentary ailments.

We are going to have to wrestle with our consciences about this for years to come. There is no satisfactory solution. The awkward thing is that modern communications make us aware of it. With television we can't pretend we don't see famine. Other ages had famine but none where it was so visible, or so likely to get worse as population outgrows food. We probably confront what demographer Lester Brown calls one of the great "discontinuities" of history. The well-to-do know how to produce bigger crops, but not big enough to feed the 500 hungry people of our village. Their land in many cases is rich; with outside help they could produce more of their own food, and they must control population.

Our job is to try to help, and the Rome conference could be the first step.

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Is this Trip Necessary?

It is understandable that the President should want to journey abroad to show to the world that he is the American chief of state and that, despite his heavy dependence on Secretary of State Kissinger, he too is concerned with foreign affairs. But Mr. Ford's itinerary for his first major venture overseas, which begins next week, looks as if it were planned by American Express rather than by an astute diplomatic adviser. In the first place he is scheduled to reach Tokyo at a time when a controversy is boiling over disclosures that the US and Japanese governments have, through a secret agreement, been violating a pact that prohibits US nuclear weapons from being introduced into Japan. The controversy may engulf him in a wave of protest and even compel a last-minute cancellation of his visit, an occurrence that would not only badly damage Mr. Ford's prestige but could further weaken relations between the US and Japan, already strained by the Nixon administration. From Tokyo he goes to Seoul, and here again he is making a mistake. His appearance in the South Korean capital is bound to be interpreted there and elsewhere as an endorsement of President Park Chung Hee, whose repressive regime is currently cracking down with more than usual vigor on politicians, clergymen, journalists, students and others clamoring for a measure of freedom and economic reform. Finally Mr. Ford is due to confer with Soviet party leader Brezhnev in Vladivostok, which is a very odd spot to choose, since it lies in territory theoretically claimed by the Chinese, who are showing signs of irritation at what they evidently consider a gratuitous slight. The President thus embarks on a voyage that is intended to be more symbolic than substantive, but which could turn out to do more harm than good to US foreign policy and his own reputation.

The situation Mr. Ford may face in Tokyo—if he gets there—arises essentially out of the horror with which the Japanese have regarded atomic arms ever since the holocausts of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Their aversion is such that when the US-Japan security treaty was revised in 1960, a special codicil was added making the introduction of American nuclear weapons into Japan subject to Japanese government approval. Former Premier Sato spelled out official Japanese policy forcefully in late 1967 with the assertion that Japan would not manufacture or possess nuclear weapons, or permit their entry into the country. That pledge served to reassure all except the most suspicious Japanese, and it was generally assumed that the US was

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keeping its own end of the bargain. Then this September, testifying before an Atomic Energy subcommittee headed by Sen. Stuart Symington, retired Rear Adm. Gene R. La Rocque inadvertently brought up the touchy nuclear issue. Deploring the worldwide spread of nuclear weapons, La Rocque mentioned that they are carried by US naval vessels into Japan and other countries, and his almost casual revelation, coming as it did from a former American naval officer, rekindled old fires. Japanese correspondents in Washington splashed his statement across Tokyo's front pages, and American correspondents in Japan uncovered hitherto unknown details. Richard Halloran of *The New York Times* reported the other day, for example, that an oral understanding to allow the US to move nuclear weapons through Japan was reached in 1960 between Aiichiro Fujiyama, the Japanese Foreign Minister, and Douglas MacArthur II, then our ambassador in Tokyo. According to Halloran the understanding was deliberately oral so that it could easily be denied. Both Fujiyama and MacArthur have said that no such arrangement exists, but neither the US nor Japanese governments has issued a denial. Consequently many Japanese are convinced that American nuclear weapons are entering Japan covertly, and the left-wing is striving to mount demonstrations against President Ford on the eve of his arrival in Tokyo. Similar demonstrations forced President Eisenhower to call off his Japanese visit in 1960.

If the President does make it to Tokyo, he will find the Japanese less cordial than they were two or three months ago. Apart from the nuclear ruckus, there is the question of economic ties between the two countries, frayed largely because of Japanese worries that the Ford administration may limit American exports of food and raw materials to Japan while restricting the import of Japanese goods into the US. The Japanese, who import virtually all their petroleum, are also upset by the possibility that the US may pressure them to join with other oil-consuming nations in taking a tough position against the fuel producers of the Middle East. These apprehensions have been heightened by the fact that the Japanese economy, formerly one of the strongest on earth, is in a tailspin. Economic growth, which has averaged 10 percent a year for more than a decade, is expected to drop this year for the first time since World War II, and the Japanese are grumbling that Mr. Ford's austerity program may contribute to an even steeper decline. Bilateral trade between the US and Japan totaled $19 billion last year, and a Japanese depression would make a serious dent in American commerce. The President will not only have to soothe the nuclear fears of the Japanese, but he will have the unenviable task of allaying their economic anxieties. It is doubtful that he can do either any better in Tokyo than he has done at home.

Mr. Ford's aides are plainly embarrassed by his decision to visit South Korea and offer various explanations to justify it. They say that he cannot avoid a stop in Seoul if he has gone as far as Tokyo, and they contend that the trip should not be construed as an expression of sympathy for the Park Chung Hee dictatorship. They promise that the President's statements in Seoul will be subdued. Some even claim that his presence may persuade Park to ease his repression, thereby helping the democratic cause in South Korea. That sort of reassurance has been given many times to sugar-coat American support for totalitarian clients. It is as specious now as it was in the past. The principal beneficiary of Mr. Ford's sojourn in South Korea will be the Park government, which will be able to confront its adversaries with the evidence that it enjoys US confidence at the highest level. The principal loser, ironically, could be Mr. Ford himself, who may find on returning to Washington that such gestures have provided his opponents in Congress, increasingly impatient at our underwriting of dictatorships, with more political buckshot to use against him.

The US lost nearly 34,000 men and has spent more than $10 billion to defend "freedom" in South Korea. Judging from the present situation there, the expenditure was futile. Park, who rose to power in a coup d'état in May 1961, has gradually dismantled the country's constitutional structure and imposed a despotism that counts several prominent Koreans among its victims. These include former President Yun Po Sun, the poet Kim Chi Ha and the Most Rev. Daniel Chi, a Catholic bishop, as well as Kim Dae Jung, a former presidential candidate accused among other things of having accurately predicted that Park would abolish the constitution and make himself ruler for life. A provision of the Foreign Assistance Act of 1973 declares it to be the sense of Congress "that the President should deny any economic or military assistance to the government of any foreign country which practices the internment or imprisonment of that country's citizens for political purposes." Park currently receives more than $400 million in economic and military aid, and Mr. Ford's visit to Seoul will add an incalculable amount to that support.

For the President to have conceded to a Soviet proposal to meet Brezhnev a few miles from the disputed Chinese border was, at best, unwise. For one thing it appears to bestow US blessings on the Soviet Union's ambition to be a major Asian power. It likewise seems to symbolize that the US is moving closer to the conflict between the Russians and Chinese. And it needlessly annoys China, which asks for nothing more than American neutrality in its squabbles with the Kremlin. Kissinger will probably peel off from the President's party to see the Chinese leaders in Peking. That may help. The Chinese may accept his explanation that Mr. Ford was guided by geographical rather than diplomatic considerations, though that is a strange way for a world leader to behave.

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Reserved

Elk Hills is an oil reserve in California managed by the navy and kept in a state of readiness so that in an emergency it could produce about 100,000 barrels of crude daily. In time it could be made to produce as many as 350,000 barrels a day without damaging the structure of the reserve. The field is said to hold about 1.3 billion barrels—a sizeable amount, but nowhere near that of Saudi Arabia (132 billion barrels) or Prudhoe Bay, Alaska (10 billion barrels).

For several years public officials have said that Elk Hills should be broached and its oil delivered to market. Mr. Nixon was one of the first to offer up the reserve in this fashion; President Ford has done the same. Right now there is a proposal before the House Interior Committee, not much different from others that have been made in the years since the Teapot Dome scandal of the '20s, that would turn Elk Hills and other navy reserves over to the Secretary of Interior for leasing.

Those favoring such a course argue that the reserve is obsolete, having been set aside in far-off days when oil was the navy's lifeblood. It is true that the navy is no longer the most important consumer of crude oil, but it takes some clever rationalizing to conclude from this that the best navy reserve—which has a 15-year supply—should now be pumped dry. One keeps a reserve as a hedge against the unexpected, the day when the need is more desperate than it is now.

It is perhaps not understood widely that commercial oil fields in the "lower 48" states are already producing at their maximum efficient capacity. Geologists agree that there's not much more oil to be found in US territory, except in the deep waters offshore and the frozen fields of Alaska. We are draining the last of the easily accessible oil fields, and are, in the words of a navy oil expert, "producing more than we are finding and using more than we are producing. It can't go on for long." As recently as 1971 the Elk Hills reserve was described as having 17 percent of the spare oil-producing capacity in the country (excluding Prudhoe Bay); now it is the *only* developed oil field not being exploited.

The daily infusion of 200,000 barrels of spare oil from Elk Hills would have a negligible impact on an economy that consumes more than 16 million barrels daily and simultaneously shortchanges mass transit. Why, then, should it be leased for private exploitation now? It is the cash involved—cash to the oil companies—and not the public interest, that makes Elk Hills a plum ripe for picking. And Elk Hills is only one of the special concessions that is up for grabs in the scramble for energy-rich government property. There's a plan, first announced by Richard Nixon and later adopted by President Ford, to accelerate the leasing of federal mineral lands, purportedly to bring more fuel to market. If the government moves too quickly in its leasing plan, it cannot be sure of getting fair bids; the federal mineral reserves have not been surveyed properly. And if the energy corporations could be trusted to make fair offers, there's no guarantee they would produce energy from the tracts in time to make a dent in the current oil demand. Steel supplies and skilled manpower are in short supply, and lands already leased are waiting to be explored.

Sen. Adlai Stevenson III (D, Ill.) drew up an excellent plan to bring new life into the energy business by rewriting the rules for oil and gas pipeline regulation and creating a semi-autonomous federal oil and gas corporation. His proposed corporation would inventory unexplored areas, produce fuel at reasonable prices from the best 20 percent of these fields and give the government some insider's expertise in the market. Stevenson knew that his plan was not liked by the White House, and last summer he spent many hours with Republican Sen. James Pearson (a co-sponsor of part of his bill) trying to work out a compromise that would get by the administration. Stevenson, Pearson and former Energy Administrator John Sawhill thought they had reached an agreement on the natural gas sections of the bill in mid-August when suddenly everything fell apart. Without notice Sawhill and the administration backed off and declared the plan unworkable. Sen. Stevenson told reporters this fall that he felt he'd been "double-crossed"; co-sponsor Pearson was "disappointed." It seems that Sawhill was overruled by higher authority. Was that authority Interior Secretary Rogers Morton, our new energy czar, the fourth since the Arab oil embargo? Morton has had a hand in government energy planning for several years, and in mid-October he told the Senate Interior Committee that he'd been trying to have Elk Hills opened since his days as Republican National Committee chairman.

On Monday, August 12, the morning Stevenson and Pearson announced they had reached a compromise with the administration, Sen. Norris Cotton (R, NH) pulled out a letter signed by Sawhill and Treasury Secretary William Simon saying, in effect, the bill was one of the worst they'd seen. The letter was dated August 12 and, according to one observer, it had been rushed to Sen. Cotton's hands the night before. Stevenson, who talked to Sawhill the Friday before, was not forewarned.

With the forced resignation of Sawhill at the end of October the picture became clearer. Morton, the new energy czar, is to have a "team" he can work with, and one of the first players chosen was a replacement for Sawhill. This will be Andrew Gibson, until this spring president of the Interstate Oil Transport Co. of Philadelphia, and a former Commerce Department official under President Nixon. Morton said the change came about because of problems of "executive compatibility." Sawhill annoyed more than one cabinet member by speaking his mind and endorsing programs not

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cleared through the right channels. This fall he said the government should begin an aggressive conservation program and he stuck his neck out by proposing an unpopular gasoline tax. He didn't get along well in oil politics.

Last month Stevenson set out on a new tack, introducing a "sense of the Senate" resolution together with Sens. Jackson, Mansfield, Magnuson and Randolph. So far it has gone nowhere, but it does point the direction in which nonoil-state Democrats are likely to move in the future. Briefly the plan calls for a rollback in domestic oil prices from the rigged OPEC level to about $7.50 a barrel, elimination of excess oil profits, graduated increases in the price of "new" natural gas, development of a strategic petroleum reserve holding 90 days in supplies, and a mandatory conservation program that includes a 100 percent improvement in gas mileage for 1980 cars. The Senate failed to pass the resolution by voice vote, but Jackson and Stevenson are drafting a bill along these lines that they intend to introduce later this winter.

Utility Bills

"WIN" is losing these days, but few prices have risen as much as utility rates: 55 percent during the first half of 1974, atop a 20 percent jump last year. Families in all-electric homes now face monthly bills of up to $400. Nor are there cheaper rates at the end of the tunnel; utility executives and officials in the Federal Energy Administration foresee another doubling in the next few years. Despite President Ford's exhortations against inflation, administration officials have urged state regulatory commissions to speed hearings on utility rate increase requests so as to give the companies a more adequate profit return and grease the way for expanded utility borrowing and capital expansion. Already a majority of utilities have won the right to automatically pass along to customers higher costs for fuel.

Federal Power Commission figures leave some doubt as to why the utilities should be crying wolf. Major electric utilities earned a 15 percent profit on their operating revenues last year. Natural gas pipelines earned a 12.1 percent profit. Certainly the federal income tax burden on utilities wasn't much: about one in four major electric utilities paid no federal taxes in 1973; thanks to investment tax credits taken since 1971, the electric utilities paid only 2.6 percent of revenues in federal income taxes, compared to about 15 percent in the mid-'50s. President Ford now wants to boost the utility investment credit from four to 10 percent. From 1971 to 1973 the value of investment credits claimed by electric utilities increased by 523 percent, from $32.1 million to $167.8 million. No doubt the utilities will have to raise billions in the coming year for needed expansion; some projects already have been postponed by high interest rates. Yet the rates of return enjoyed by these companies and the investment tax credits being accumulated make one wonder about the need for all the new benefits being extended or asked by the White House. As Sen. Lee Metcalf (D, Mont.), a longtime private utilities critic has said, "the financial problems which utilities have encountered due to the existing high rate of inflation may be severe, but they are certainly no greater than the difficulties faced by the average consumer who has already suffered rate increases of nearly 100 percent or more over the last few years."

Metcalf and others contend one way to help utilities cut costs is to establish a national power grid to provide needed generating capacity and (in Metcalf's words) "move the electricity where it is needed. A national power grid system would slow electric plant proliferation as much as 25 percent [and thus help protect the environment] and would mean lower fuel consumption. There would be less demand for peak generating facilities."

Other utility critics contend now is the time to correct a historic pattern of pricing that gives large commercial or industrial users lower rates than are charged residential or small commercial customers. Under the present pricing system people who use the least electricity or natural gas—the people least able to pay—usually are required to pay two or three times more per unit of power or fuel than large residential users or industries favored by the present rate structure. On balance residential customers provide about 37 percent of revenues for the large utilities, though they buy only about 26 percent of the electricity. Large industrial users buy about 35 percent of the power but pay only 23 percent of the bill. Before he left the Federal Reserve Board for Harvard, Andrew F. Brimmer said "while recognizing there are some physical efficiencies in delivering energy to large users, I believe these quantity discounts are no longer consistent with our long-run need to conserve energy resources. I personally think it would be better to replace the existing system of pricing with a structure that puts more emphasis on peak load rate differentials for both time of day and season of the year."

A growing number of consumer-oriented groups are pushing a new utility service and rate concept called "Lifeline." It would reverse the present rate structure and provide a basic amount of electricity to all customers at what proponents deem fair and reasonable cost: the more electricity a customer uses the more the customer pays—be he individual homeowner, commercial building or industrial plant. Prof. Lee Webb of Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont, an early Lifeline advocate, says "the idea is basically a

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conservation measure because there would be clear financial incentive to use electricity carefully." The Ralph Nader-connected Public Interest Research Groups have joined the Lifeline campaign and now are pushing it in at least 14 states and the District of Columbia. A Vermont Lifeline proposal provides that the first 400 kilowatt hours of electricity used each month would carry a rate of $10, substantially lower than the current residential rate for the same amount of power. Four hundred kilowatt hours is about the amount of power a Vermont family uses monthly for normal consumption—to run a furnace blower, an oil burner, a refrigerator, a radio and TV set, a sewing machine and houselights. The basic price would not be subject to rate increases; utilities would make up the difference needed to earn a decent profit by passing on higher costs to customers using more than 400 kilowatt hours monthly.

Michigan Public Service Commissioner William Rosenberg once said that the present electricity rate structure "can be likened to allowing a Cadillac owner to pay 26 cents a gallon of gas while requiring all Volkswagen owners to pay 41 cents." Can't a Ford understand that?

Robert W. Dietsch

Risky Birth Control
Depo-Provera

Depo-Provera is the controversial contraceptive—one 150-milligram *injection* works at least three months—which the Upjohn Co. has been promoting for over a decade in 95 countries including the United States, with mixed success. Although some American physicians have been prescribing this hormone derivative as a contraceptive since the early '60s, when Upjohn first began marketing it to treat a uterine disease, the Food and Drug Administration has never officially approved its use. But at least three times last year FDA widely publicized its intentions to endorse Depo-Provera, only to back off at the last minute to reconsider newly raised health risks. While official approval of Depo-Provera hangs in limbo, its growing and hazardous use does not.

Depo-Provera does prevent babies, but women on the drug often suffer from irregular and sometimes prolonged, severe vaginal bleeding. Side-effects, from headaches to vomiting and blood clots, could be much more troublesome than side-effects caused by other hormonal contraceptives, because once you shoot the drug in, you can't get it out—for at least 90 days.

Depo-Provera also has an unfortunate tendency to prevent conception just a little *too* well. Women can expect to remain infertile for at least six months after they stop the injections, according to Upjohn reports; other studies show that 24 percent of the women will stay infertile for at least one year. Some Depo-Provera users, FDA says, will suffer "possibly even permanent infertility." In addition the evidence shows not just that Depo-Provera causes cancer in laboratory animals (breast cancer in beagles), but that it may increase the cancer rate in women. As Upjohn and National Cancer Institute statistics demonstrate, women on Depo-Provera develop cervical cancer-*in-situ*, a localized cancer that eventually spreads, at up to 9.1 times the national rate.

These are the unsettling facts that FDA and its consultants "agonized" over, as one of them recently described it, for at least half a dozen years. But gradually the members of the FDA's obstetrics and gynecology advisory committee were won over and urged the FDA to approve the drug. "Most of the members of that committee," Bureau of Drugs chief J. Richard Crout explained to a House subcommittee earlier this year, "are in the population control business." So, when you talk to a consultant like Dr. Richard Blye of the Center for Population Research in the National Institutes of Health, he keeps reminding you that "overpopulation is the world's number one problem today" and "every unwanted child we can prevent from being born will be a tremendous benefit to its parents and to the society as a whole." Members of the committee received letters from colleagues in "population control groups all around the country," Blye said, "and they were unanimously in favor of the drug."

When members of the committee gathered for their last session on Depo-Provera—joined by representatives from Upjohn and leading population control groups—they talked as much about the virtues of population control as about the health hazards of the drug. A director of the International Planned Parenthood Federation gave a brief testimonial reminiscent of Martin Luther King's famous "I have a dream" speech: "I have seen Depo-Provera used in the long houses of Sarawak [Borneo], which is a community two generations removed from head hunting," he began. "I have seen it used in the villages of northern Thailand. . . ."

In this atmosphere Depo-Provera's risks sounded less like hazards to living human beings than like cost-benefit factors in a population control game plan. What about the risks of prolonged and sometimes severe bleeding? That, said J. Joseph Speidel, chief of the research division at the Agency for International Development's population bureau, will be a problem "where sanitary supplies are in short supply" ("Let alone the anemia that might result," another consultant added). The risks of infertility? "From a programmatic point of view you could say this is a desirable feature," Speidel continued, although he acknowledged that

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"from the point of view of the individual this is probably a disadvantage." And the risks of cancer? "We all have a gut feeling," another consultant said, "that injectables could be very important in a certain population and that could be a justification for using a compound that happens to cause beagle tumors."

FDA was on the verge of approving Depo-Provera last May when the troubling human cervical cancer-*in-situ* statistics came up. After five months of reflection, however, FDA policymakers had a pat answer for that too. They did not dispute that women on Depo-Provera suffer comparatively high rates of cervical cancer-*in-situ*. They did dispute that these statistics suggest Depo-Provera is to blame. The best that Dr. Marion Finkel, director of FDA's office of scientific evaluation, could say about the drug is that its cancer-causing potential "cannot be determined at this point in time . . . we need additional studies." But instead of warning doctors not to use Depo-Provera until it can be determined just what the cancer risks are—as federal drug laws and common sense would dictate—FDA decided to follow another logic. Since the cancer risks posed by oral contraceptives haven't been determined either, Dr. Finkel explained, and since oral contraceptives are still marketed anyway, "then it would seem that Depo-Provera should be made available" too.

Against this backdrop FDA announced it would finally approve Depo-Provera for birth control effective October 12—only to suddenly *stay* that approval with three days to go, when Rep. L. H. Fountain (D, NC) condemned the decision and predicted "many women may be irreparably injured" as a result. FDA now says it will hold a public hearing on Depo-Provera some time in the future. Whether or not FDA ever approves Depo-Provera may be a moot point. Vials of the drug are already sold on the market, supposedly as a palliative for uterine cancer, and FDA has been stimulating physicians to use them for contraception. Physicians at family planning clinics across the country read in the January 1974 issue of *Family Planning Digest*, an official HEW magazine, that "FDA Okays Limited Depo-Provera Use." The September issue of the *FDA Drug Bulletin*, which goes to virtually every licensed physician in the United States, declared that FDA had approved Depo-Provera as a contraceptive—more than a month before the approval, now postponed indefinitely, was scheduled to go into effect. Merely *not approving* Depo-Provera is now an empty gesture at best. FDA can stop the continuing use of the contraceptive only by specifically prohibiting it.

The Depo-Provera controversy is disturbing not only because the drug is exposing thousands of women to real hazards, but because FDA is trying to create a whole new, and probably illegal, set of precedents for promoting other drugs. As FDA sees it, the pertinent question is no longer whether a drug is safe or unsafe but whether it is safe enough for a certain social segment of the population. That's what FDA is saying when it notes that since Depo-Provera poses unusual risks, it should be given only to "a very limited and carefully defined patient population." What kind of woman is that? For starters FDA suggests any woman who is "unable to accept the responsibility demanded by other contraceptives"—such as mentally retarded women and women in mental institutions. Why should women with severe mental problems or brain damage be encouraged to take a birth control drug which FDA says is unfit for general consumption? FDA says Depo-Provera will benefit any other woman who finds other contraceptives "unacceptable." In practice that means Depo-Provera should be available to virtually any woman who wants it—so far an estimated 100,000 American women from the University of Southern California medical center to the Kings County Hospital clinic in an impoverished black and Puerto Rican section of New York. Yet according to FDA medical officer Edwin Ortiz, the drug raises "serious public health hazard implications, especially in the lower socio-economic groups and certain ethnic groups more susceptible" to cervical cancer.

FDA is aware of the risks—that's why it proposes an unprecedented system for distributing Depo-Provera in the United States. Whenever a woman asks for the drug, FDA suggests, doctors should first give her an informational leaflet and get her "informed consent." She would read that Depo-Provera "often causes irregular periods . . . unpredictable vaginal bleeding . . . sometimes causes prolonged infertility . . . A possible risk is that [it] may cause cancer. . . ." This probably marks the first time the public is asked to accept responsibility for taking a dangerous drug, a policy that could make malpractice suits practically obsolete. ("Actually, if you read what is involved with this drug on the insert, you wonder if anybody is going to take it," says Dr. Blye.)

Finally FDA wants physicians who dispense Depo-Provera to send in mail order forms to enscribe their names on a national registry—another medical first. In the event Depo-Provera really does cause cancer, FDA says, "direct notification of these physicians [could] be made and appropriate patient follow-up instituted." Not even these benefits accompany the drug when physicians prescribe it now. For example, at the George Washington University Family Planning Clinic in Washington, DC, a recent candidate for Depo-Provera was a "teenager who cannot, will not, be relied upon to take pills and does not want an IUD," according to Dr. Benny Waxman. She got her 150 mg. injection, no informational leaflet or mail order blank enclosed.

Daniel Zwerdling

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Sadlowski Against the Odds

Chicago

When he was 25, Eddie Sadlowski and a bunch of his pals took over local 1065 of the Steelworkers Union in South Chicago and tossed out the old men who'd been running it unchallenged for years. The average age of the officers dropped overnight to about 28. No one was particularly upset at the time except the old officers, who'd just finished building a new hall that year and were settling comfortably into their quarters. Now Sadlowski is 36 and a lot of people are upset. He wants to be director of district 31, the most populous and one of the most important steelworker districts in the country. It takes in 300 or so steel plants, including the big ones in Chicago and in Gary and South Bend, Indiana—a total of 130,000 workers. But Eddie Sadlowski has two things going against him today that may keep him out of office. First, he has the misfortune to live and work in a district where the union machine has already chosen a candidate whose name is Sam Evett. Second, he is independent and articulate. In the words of I. W. Abel, president of the steelworkers, Sadlowski is not a part of the "official family." As an outsider he is a threat to every officeholder and staff worker who now wields power by virtue of the family's indulgence rather than personal strength. The union is nervous.

This was not always so. Another man who knows what it's like to be shut out of his own district, former US Rep. Abner Mikva, says Sadlowski lost his best chance when he failed to win the "first time." For Sadlowski the "first time" was a February 1973 district election that Sadlowski says he really won but lost when union officials began counting the ballots. "Back then," Mikva said, "they didn't see him as a big threat. Now they do, and Eddie's going to have a very rough time of it." The Labor Department looked into the election and the chief federal investigator reported that union employees had campaigned against Sadlowski (a violation of labor law), that union offices had been used against him, votes had been thrown out and that Sadlowski surely would have won had it not been for these violations. After the government intervened, the union conceded that the vote would have to be taken over, this time with federal monitors. The rerun is being held November 12, 21 months after the original election was rigged. In the meantime Sam Evett has used the tools of incumbency to his advantage.

Strange though it may sound, many steelworkers only dimly understand the reason for this November's special election. Sadlowski and some of his volunteers took me along one night when they traveled down the expressway to meet some workers in South Bend, Indiana. We sat in Hokey's Lunch watching the flickering lights of an enormous color TV that projected images onto the back wall of the tavern. After a few minutes some workers arrived, the first saying he'd come just "to find out what's going on." He inquired diffidently about the new election, and when asked to give his name and phone number, he said he wasn't sure he wanted to "get mixed up in all this." Though he was a local union official, he said he rarely bothered international headquarters with complaints because his shop was "too small." This was a cue for Sadlowski, who began telling the group, "it's your union" and "it's your dough that pays their salaries. They work for you; you have a right to bother them." Several men asked Sadlowski whether he really was supported by Communists, as they'd been told. He asked in return why had the union allowed him to hold office for so many years if he was a dangerous radical? One question came up several times: if elected, the men wanted to know, how would Sadlowski get along with other union big-shots who see him as an enemy. His answer was brief; the problem would be more theirs than his. The question points up the feeling of impotence that Sadlowski confronts. Someone who conceives of power as flowing from the top of the union hierarchy down to the members quite naturally might wonder how a dissident would fit in. But Sadlowski doesn't think that way and he doesn't worry about fitting in. He urges his listeners to take the initiative, and when they ask why he didn't bring his campaign to them sooner, he asks why they didn't try to find out about *him* sooner. It's an unusual attitude for a challenger to take, but it's fresh.

The red-baiting of Sadlowski is a sign that headquarters senses the explosive potential of this campaign even if members do not. Another sign is the decision to take Elmer Chatak, the chief of all union organization, away from his job at headquarters in Pittsburgh and move him temporarily to Sadlowski's neighborhood in Chicago. He is managing the campaign of the incumbent, Sam Evett. Besides material support, Evett also counts in his favor the endorsement of I. W. Abel, president of the steelworkers, and the support of the vice president, the international treasurer, all but one of the district staff workers, the retired boss of district 31—a powerful man—and the full executive board. Sadlowski, by contrast, relies on a handful of volunteers, most of them mill workers who must use sick leave or vacation time to do the necessary canvassing. Sadlowski has refused to hire a campaign manager, and as a result his campaign has an amateur tone. The length of the struggle has put him deeply in debt. Though the odds are against him, Sadlowski may have attracted enough recognition through his long and costly legal fight to overcome the machine.

Eliot Marshall

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Poor Jury

The Watergate Trial

by Walter Pincus

I have nothing but pity for the Watergate jurors as they strain to sort out the facts that whirl by them each day. For about the only thing federal prosecutors, defense lawyers, congressional investigators and newsmen agree on is the complexity of the case, and for some that knowledge is the fruit of two years of concentrated work.

Think of the cast of characters! There are five defendants—former White House aides H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman; former Attorney General and 1972 campaign manager John Mitchell; former Mitchell campaign aide Robert Mardian, who also had been an assistant attorney general; and Kenneth Parkinson, a Washington lawyer hired by the Nixon reelection committee after the break-in of Democratic national headquarters in June 1972. In addition there are 19 unindicted co-conspirators who were part of the cover-up but are not defendants, either because they cooperated with the government in the investigation or, as with former President Nixon, escaped indictment through some legal loophole. To the 24 must be added another 15 prospective government witnesses, such as former CIA Director Richard Helms and former acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray III—individuals who played some role in the concealment of the crime but have not been charged with breaking any laws.

Then there are those who are mentioned casually in testimony or on the White House tapes but who never are clearly identified to the jury as their names drift in and out. On the March 22, 1973 White House tape alone, at least 10 new names are heard during a crucial conversation among the former President, John Dean and defendants Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mitchell. Some are important, such as "Baker" who at times is referred to as "Howard." As they sit there listening to the tape and following the transcript, how many of the jurors know that the man in question is Sen. Howard Baker, ranking Republican member of the Senate Watergate committee? They are not told that, either before or after the one hour and 46 minute tape is played. Nor at the time of the playing is "Kleindienst" identified as Richard Kleindienst, the then Attorney General. "Chapin" and "Segretti" float by and are gone before anyone understands where they belong in the flow of events. Poor jurors. During the Ervin hearings and the House impeachment inquiry, congressmen and newsmen frequently carried indexed biographies of the principal actors. The jurors, with much less background in the case to begin with, have no such memory aids—they don't even take notes.

Let me illustrate how easily one can become confused. On a March 22 tape, Mr. Nixon, late in that conversation and with only Mitchell present, reminds his long-time adviser of ". . . what happened to *Adams.* I don't want it to happen with Watergate . . . the Watergate matter. I think he made a, made a mistake, but he shouldn't have been sacked, he shouldn't have been. And, uh, for that reason, I am perfectly willing to—I don't give a shit what happens. I want you all to stonewall it, let them plead the Fifth Amendment, cover up or anything else, if it'll save it—save the plan." The "Adams" reference was left dangling. The jury was not informed that President Eisenhower, when Nixon was Vice President, forced his top White House aide, Sherman Adams, to resign when it was learned he had accepted gifts from a manufacturer in trouble with the Federal Trade Commission. Without knowing what Mr. Nixon meant by "Adams," the jurors could not really appreciate the depths of emotion in Mr. Nixon's subsequent remarks.

The jurors also had to be mystified about a critical bit of Dean's direct testimony concerning defendant Robert Mardian. Dean was describing how one cover-up story was being concocted to give a false impression of why Watergate conspirator G. Gordon Liddy had received $200,000 in cash. In fact that money was paid for bugging Democratic headquarters. The false story was that the money was to buy intelligence on potential demonstrators at the GOP convention. Dean said Mardian objected to the phony story because "my own office is sending material over here." Could the jury recall that the "office" in this instance was that of an assistant attorney general of the United States? Or that Mardian's "own office" at the Justice Department dealt in domestic intelligence and kept tabs on potential convention-time troublemakers? Or that Mardian had arranged for that sort of material to be sent "over here," meaning to the Nixon reelection committee?

Months from now, when all the testimony is in and the government sums up its case, these seemingly small and unrelated facts may fit into a pattern. But for the moment, the story is bound to be baffling, and for

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the reason that the cover-up conspiracy as alleged in the indictment does not reach into just one area—such as payoffs to witnesses—but into three. Thus the prosecution must trace separately how money was paid to the Watergate crew, how documents were destroyed, and how the FBI, grand jury and the public were misled.

The hundreds of meetings and conversations confound even the prosecutors. For example, with Dean in the witness chair, chief prosecutor James Neal endeavored to explain how the hush money was transferred. He established by Dean's testimony that on February 10, 1973, Dean met with Haldeman and Ehrlichman in La Costa, California where they discussed the need to give more money to the seven men who had just been convicted in the first Watergate trial. Dean recalled for the jury that it was agreed by Haldeman and Ehrlichman that Mitchell ought to be asked to raise the additional money. Under further questioning by Neal, Dean testified that on February 15, 1973, he was told that Mitchell had refused.

Having taken the jury that far, prosecutor Neal then asked Dean to go back a month, to January 1973, and explain a cash fund that had been kept in the White House under Haldeman's control. From Dean's answers, it developed that "in late January or early February" at Mitchell's request, Dean had asked Haldeman to release some $280,000 for payment to the then Watergate defendants, because they were "off the reservation." Dean testified that the funds were given to a Mitchell aide at about that time—"late January or early February." But Neal did not ask—nor did any of the defense attorneys—why the need for *more* money came up at La Costa on February 10 when some $280,000 in payments had just been transferred from the White House.

The bare recitation of facts about the cover-up is bewildering enough to the jury, but the statements and interventions of the various defendants' lawyers compound the confusion. Since the start of the trial the truthfulness of the government's three chief witnesses has been attacked, as was to be expected: each of them —Dean, E. Howard Hunt and Jeb Stuart Magruder—has either withheld material information or lied while under oath. The defendants' lawyers themselves are making it no easier for the jury. In his opening remarks Ehrlichman's lawyer, William S. Frates, said that Dean—the government's first witness—had met with a 1972 Nixon committee employee, Herbert Porter, before Porter went to the grand jury, "got with him," said Frates, "and devised and led him into falsely testifying under oath before the grand jury." Had Mr. Frates got Porter mixed up with Magruder? Porter never talked to Dean about his testimony before going to the grand jury. Magruder, on the other hand, did.

Frates' opening statement also showed that some defendants—along with some government witnesses —will be telling stories that differ from those they told earlier at the Senate Watergate hearings. Ehrlichman, for example, had assured the senators that he and Haldeman voluntarily resigned their White House positions on April 29, 1973. Asked directly by Sen. Edward Gurney if the President had asked for his resignation, Ehrlichman had replied, "No, sir." Frates, however, in his effort to portray Mr. Nixon as the man "who knew the full story [and] withheld it from Ehrlichman" informed the jury that at the April 29, 1973 Camp David meeting, Ehrlichman was faced with a "forced resignation."

The retiring special prosecutor, Leon Jaworski, has said he expects that the essentials of Mr. Nixon's involvement will unfold during this trial. There had been the further hope that the whole truth of Watergate would at last come out. The hope now seems highly unrealistic. Unless the prosecution devotes more time to questioning witnesses about the early days of the cover-up, an important chapter in this story of Mr. Nixon's participation may not be disclosed. Specifically on the day the burglars were caught, June 17, 1972, the former President was at Walker Cay off Key Biscayne. Haldeman was with him and in touch with Ehrlichman, who was in Washington, and with Magruder, who was in California. What messages were passed back and forth and which reached Mr. Nixon? On June 18 and again June 19, the President was on the phone to Charles Colson. Will we learn exactly what transpired

"You got to admire his gall."

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in these talks?

The following day, June 20, is a key day in the cover-up and a key witness here is former Attorney General Kleindienst. But Kleindienst's role in those early hours is ambiguous. He had been approached by Liddy on June 17 to get one or more of the burglars out of jail. Exactly what happened then and thereafter is not known. However, on the morning of June 20, Mr. Nixon's principal aides met in the White House to discuss Watergate. According to Dean, Kleindienst reported on the FBI and DC police investigations. Ehrlichman's logs confirm that Kleindienst was present, but the former Attorney General maintains he cannot remember being there. Will he be asked to testify about that incident at the trial?

Another way to get at the complete Nixon story is through the White House tapes. But as of now, the prosecution only expects 30 of some 55 available tapes to be introduced at the trial, and Mr. Nixon has filed suit to obtain physical possession of all the tapes.

The strange testimony about Operation Sandwedge is another example of the gaps in evidence that need to be filled. In Senate Watergate committee testimony and again at the current trial, Sandwedge was described as a White House scheme for investigative security work, including wiretapping, that never got off the ground in the 1972 Nixon campaign. Its author was John Caulfield, a White House aide who gumshoed for Ehrlichman and later for Dean. Under cross-examination by Mitchell's lawyer, Dean testified in the trial that after a November 24, 1971 meeting with Caulfield, Mitchell said he was not interested in Sandwedge. Is the matter to be left at that? Records provided the Senate Watergate committee and other information brought forward during the impeachment hearings show something else. White House memos reveal that project Sandwedge (and Caulfield) got an initial $50,000 from Herbert Kalmbach, the President's personal fund-raiser, in September 1971. Moreover Sandwedge was on the agenda of a scheduled October 4, 1971 meeting between Haldeman and Mitchell, described thus: "Should Dean or Kalmbach become more involved?" A Haldeman talking paper notes: "Are we really developing the capability needed," and goes on to say: "Kalmbach keeps asking for 'tough, interesting assignments.' Could we make him the one man responsible for this intelligence system?" The same talking paper refers to recommendations for activities at the Democratic convention: ". . . Some of it is above board and some down and dirty." At another point Haldeman's notes raise the possibility of stepped-up surveillance of Sen. Edward Kennedy.

On November 24, 1971 Mitchell met Caulfield and on the same day the then Attorney General had his first interview with Liddy, who was brought in by Dean as the man to be considered for the intelligence job at the Nixon reelection committee. A December 2, 1971 White House memo to Haldeman notes: "The Attorney General discussed with John Dean the need to develop a political intelligence capability. Sandwedge has been scrapped . . . Liddy . . . will handle political intelligence as well as legal matters." Caulfield, it was noted, was to go to the reelection committee and "handle the same projects he currently does."

Now what did Caulfield's Sandwedge accomplish for $50,000? An investigation of Republican Rep. Paul McCloskey's anti-Nixon campaign was undertaken in November 1971 and continued into December. On January 12, 1972 Dean wrote Mitchell that, "Sandwedge will be in need of refunding at the end of this month . . ." and suggested Mitchell meet with Caulfield and review his activities. What *was* Sandwedge? Was it dropped and replaced by the Liddy operation? Why? The trial testimony has not yet given us the answers. The whole truth may not be important to the outcome of the Watergate trial. But eventually it must be assembled—not only to complete the historic record but to serve as a guide to reforms that might prevent future Watergates.

After hearing the White House tapes played in Judge Sirica's court I come away with the strong feeling that they ought to be publicly broadcast. The written transcripts do not convey the nuances that come across in the spoken word. The deliberate tone of John Dean is a surprise in his March 21, 1973 "cancer on the presidency" statement to Mr. Nixon. The calm pacing of Mr. Nixon's response to the idea that blackmail money must be found is hard to believe unless heard. The public should hear the matter-of-fact way Mr. Nixon says "For Christ sake get it," when referring to the hush money for Hunt, or the bland assertion to Mitchell on March 22, 1973 that the cover-up must continue by stonewalling, Fifth Amendment pleas or any other method.

Judge Sirica and his colleagues decided against audio release of the actual tapes on the ground that it might open the way to broadcast of trials. That is not the final word. The special prosecutor's final report could very well include copies of the tapes along with some directives as to how they can be used. Perhaps some minimum account of continuous playing time on the air—say five minutes—should be specified to prevent words and phrases from being yanked out of context. Congress, which is already being asked to pass special legislation outlining the scope of the special prosecutor's report—particularly a provision for handling grand jury material—could also write some ground rules for the tape release. Since all the tapes now held by the special prosecutor are apparently not to be used at the trial, his report would be an ideal vehicle for their controlled publication and broadcast. The hearing of the tapes should not be limited to the jury and the hundred or so newsmen and observers who happen to be in the courtroom when they are introduced.

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THIS FRACTURED DEMOCRACY

A Special 60th Anniversary Supplement

Power and Powerlessness

Decline of Democratic Government

by Hans J. Morgenthau

If democratic government is defined as the choice by the people at large, according to preestablished rational procedures, of the personnel and, through it, of the policies of the government, then the decline of democratic government throughout the world is an observable fact. Most of the nations that still comply with the procedure of periodic elections are one-party states, where elections do not provide the electorate with a choice among different persons, and hence, policies. Rather they are in the nature of plebiscites through which the electorate, as a matter of course, confirms the rulers in their power and gives them a mandate for whatever policies they wish to pursue.

Many of the nations that used to offer the people a genuine democratic choice or at least paid their respects to democratic legitimacy through plebiscitarian elections are governed by military dictatorships. Of the new African states only one, Gambia, can still be said to have a multiparty system offering the people a genuine choice of men and policies; close to half of them are governed by military dictatorships. In Latin America the number of military dictatorships has steadily increased at the expense of genuine democracies; more particularly the few attempts at return to democratic rule have met with seemingly insuperable difficulties. Even in countries such as France, Italy, Great Britain and the United States, where democratic procedures appear to be unimpaired, the substance of democratic rule has been diminished. France and Italy for a quarter of a century have, as a matter of principle, deprived one-quarter and close to one-third of the electorate, respectively, of any direct influence upon the personnel and the policies of the government by excluding the Communist party from it. In Great Britain a general political malaise has begun to crystallize in calls for nondemocratic solutions to problems parliamentary democracy appears to be unable to solve.

Finally and most importantly, the United States has experienced two presidencies in succession whose arbitrary, illegal and unconstitutional rule tended to reduce democratic choice to exercises in futility. Those who voted in 1964 for one candidate because they preferred the policies for which he campaigned, found him, when he was elected, to pursue the policies of his defeated opponent with a ruthlessness and deception the latter might not have been capable of. Lyndon B. Johnson, whom I called in March 1966 "The Julius Caesar of the American Republic," was followed by

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Richard M. Nixon, who bids fair to become its Caligula. Nixon, as pointed out in this journal on August 11, 1973, introduced into the American system of government four practices of a distinctly Fascist character: the deprivation of the minority of an equal chance to compete with the majority in the next elections; the establishment of the "dual state" in which the official statutory agencies of the government, subject to legal restraints, are duplicated by agencies performing parallel functions, which are organized by the ruling party and responsive only to the will of the leader; the invocation of "national security" as justification for any government action, however arbitrary, unconstitutional or illegal; and, finally, a nihilistic destructiveness, only thinly disguised by the invocation of conservative principles and patriotic and religious slogans.

Aside from the intangible damage these two presidencies have done to the practices of the American government and to the relations between that government and the people, they have given us the first President who owes his position not to a popular election but primarily to the choice by his predecessor (congressional approval having been a foregone conclusion), who had to leave office in order to escape impeachment for "high crimes and misdemeanors." They are likely to give us a Vice President, next in line to succeed to the presidency during the present incumbent's term of office, who owes his office primarily to the present incumbent's choice (congressional approval being in the nature of ratification rather than of genuine choice). Thus at the very least with regard to the incumbent President and Vice President the democratic processes of choosing among a number of candidates have been attenuated to the point of virtual disappearance. If one wants to give free rein to one's morbid imagination one can visualize the incumbent Vice President ascending to the presidency, who then will appoint a new Vice President, and so forth. But it requires nothing more than some knowledge of ancient history to be reminded of the Roman emperors appointing their successors with the approval of the Senate, given either as a matter of course or under the threat of physical violence.

In order to understand the reasons for the decline of the democratic order throughout the world and, more particularly, in the United States, it is necessary to consider the fundamentals of government, regardless of the type, and its relations with the people over whom it rules. We leave out of consideration only the theocratic type of government, which derives its justification from divine origin or grace.

Men expect their governments to perform for them three basic functions: to protect them from themselves and from their fellow men, that is, to protect them from violent death; to give them the opportunity to put their abilities to the test of performance, that is, to protect a sphere of freedom, however defined; to satisfy at least some of their basic aspirations, that is, to fulfill the requirements of substantive justice, however defined. It is to these expectations that the Declaration of Independence referred as "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." Not all men will expect at all times their governments to live up in the same measure to all these requirements. Yet it can be said that a government that consistently falls short of one or the other of these requirements loses its legitimacy in the eyes of its citizens: its rule will be suffered since it cannot be changed, let alone gotten rid of, but it will not be spontaneously supported.

Applying these standards to contemporary governments, one realizes that the crisis of democratic governments is but a special case of the crisis of government as such. That is to say, contemporary governments—regardless of their type, composition, program, ideology—are unable to govern in accord with the three requirements of legitimate government. They are no longer able to protect the lives, to guarantee the liberty, and to facilitate the pursuit of happiness of their citizens. Governments are thus incapacitated because their operations are hopelessly at odds with the requirements or potentialities of modern technology and the organization it permits and requires.

It has become trivial to say—because it is so obvious and has been said so often—that the modern technologies of transportation, communication and warfare have made the nation-state, as principle of political organization, as obsolete as the first industrial revolution of the steam engine did feudalism. While the official governments of the nation-states go through the constitutional motions of governing, most of the decisions that affect the vital concerns of the citizens are rendered by those who control these technologies, their production, their distribution, their operation, their price. The official governments can at best marginally influence these controls, but by and large they are compelled to accommodate themselves to them. They are helpless in the face of steel companies raising the price of steel or a union's striking for and receiving higher wages. Thus governments, regardless of their individual peculiarities, are helpless in the face of inflation; for the relevant substantive decisions are not made by them but by private governments whom the official governments are unwilling or unable to control. Thus we live, as was pointed out long ago, under the rule of a "new feudalism" whose private governments reduce the official ones to a largely marginal and ceremonial existence.

The global corporation (misnamed "multinational") is the most striking manifestation of this supercession of national governments not only in their functional but also territorial manifestations. For while the territorial limits of the private governments of the "new feudalism," as first perceived about two decades ago, still in great measure coincided with those of the

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nation-state, it is a distinctive characteristic of the global corporation that its very operations reduce those territorial limits to a functional irrelevancy.

The governments of the modern states are not only, in good measure, unable to govern, but where they still appear to govern (and appearances can be deceptive) they are perceived as a threat to the welfare and very existence of their citizens. National governments, once hailed as the expression of the common will, the mainstays of national existence, and the promoters of the common good, are now widely perceived as the enemy of the people, a threat to the citizen's freedom and welfare and to his survival. That is to say, the fear that governments have always inspired as a potential threat to the concerns of the citizens (*vide*: the philosophy of the *Federalist Papers*) has now become not only a reality of everyday life, but a reality that the citizen can neither counter nor escape. For it is the great political paradox of our time that a government, too weak to control the concentrations of private power that have usurped much of the substance of its power, has grown so powerful as to reduce the citizens to impotence.

That reduction, by an unchallengeable government, of the citizen to an impotent atom is, of course, most strikingly evident in authoritarian and totalitarian societies; Mandelstam and Solzhenitsyn bear eloquent testimony to the individual's helpless plight in such societies. Yet in liberal democracies, too, the capacity to maintain oneself and find redress against the government is markedly reduced. How many of the innocent public officials who were ruined socially and professionally by the government during the McCarthy era were able to restore their good name and recover their livelihood? What effective redress does a citizen have whose income tax returns are audited year after year for suspected but unprovable political reasons and with results both drastic and absurd?

Most importantly that drastic shift of power from the citizen to the government has rendered obsolete the ultimate remedy for the government's abuses—popular revolution. It is not by accident that the last popular revolutions occurred in Russia and China, then technologically backward nations, and that this is the age of the coup d'état, especially its military variety, that is, the takeover of the government by an elite enjoying a monopoly of the modern technologies of transportation, communication and warfare. But a modern government that can count on the loyalty of the technological elites is immune to displacement by the wrath of the people. It is so not only for technological but also moral and intellectual reasons. The political consequences of Watergate are a case-in-point.

While we have a new President, we are still governed by the same people who governed us before Nixon's downfall. While the power of the Nixon administration was not sufficient to conceal all its misdeeds—thwarted by its own incompetence, scrutinized by a free press, and subject to the rule of independent courts—the individual citizen cannot help but wonder how many secrets will remain hidden forever; he cannot but marvel at the generosity of some of the judgments and sentences (a former Attorney General who appears to have committed perjury going for all practical purposes scot-free); and he cannot but be amazed at the chumminess between the disgraced former President and his successor. In ancient Athens politicians dangerous to the state were ostracized without any charge being brought against them. In America an administration whose prominent members are accused or convicted of common crimes and guilty of subverting the public order, blends easily into its honorable successor without a drastic change in personnel.

Shame, the public acknowledgement of a moral or political failing, is virtually extinct. The members of the intellectual and political elite whose judgments on Vietnam proved to be consistently wrong and whose policies were a disaster for the country remain members of the elite in good standing; a disgraced President moves easily into the position of an elder statesman receiving confidential information and giving advice on affairs of state. Thus the line of demarcation between right and wrong, both morally and intellectually, is blurred. It becomes a distinction

FREEDOM TO REMAIN SILENT
FREEDOM OF DEFENDANTS TO EXAMINE WIRETAP EVIDENCE
FREEDOM TO PROTECT NEWS SOURCES
FREEDOM FROM ILLEGAL SEARCH
FREEDOM FROM DETENTION ON SUSPICION
MAULDIN
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"Nobody even heard me pecking."

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without lasting moral or political consequences. To be wrong morally or politically is rather like a minor accident, temporarily embarrassing and better forgotten. That vice of moral and intellectual indifference is presented and accepted as the virtue of mercy, which, however, as forgiveness and dispensation with the usual reaction to vice, supposes a clear awareness of the difference between vice and virtue.

The people are not only deprived of the traditional effective means of stopping the abuses of government, but they are also helpless in the face of the ultimate abuse, their own destruction. A government armed with the modern weapons of warfare, even of a nonnuclear kind, holds the life of the citizens in its hands. The weapons acquired for the purpose of defense or deterrence also serve as a provocation to a prospective enemy similarly armed, and that dialectic of defense-deterrence, threat and counterthreat seeks and assures the destruction of all concerned. The universal destructiveness of that dialectic is of course pushed to its ultimate effectiveness in the nuclear field where effectiveness is the equivalent of total destruction, obliterating the conventional distinction between defense and offense, victory and defeat.

The individual faces this prospect in complete helplessness. He cannot forestall it; he cannot hide from it; he cannot escape from it. He can only wait for the ultimate disaster. Looking, as is his wont, to the government for protection, he realizes that he continues to be alive only because his government and a hostile government threaten each other with total destruction and have thus far found the threats plausible. Thus his life is for all practical purposes the function of the will of two unprecedentedly mighty governments who have the power and proclaim to have the will to destroy utterly their respective populations.

Man throughout the world has reacted to his attrition as the center of political concern—according to Aristotle, individual happiness is the purpose of politics—by political apathy, political violence and the search for new communities outside the official political structure.

Apathy can be a comprehensive reaction all by itself. It then manifests itself simply as a retreat from politics, nonparticipation in political activities and a contemptuous unconcern with traditional political procedures. Since the individual has no influence upon the policies of the government and his vote appears to be meaningless, providing normally only a choice between Tweedledee and Tweedledum, since more particularly political corruption appears to be endemic, regardless of the individuals and the parties in power and of the policies they embrace, the individual turns his back upon politics altogether and tends his own garden, trying to get as much advantage as possible for himself at the expense of his fellows and his government.

While this apathy as a self-contained attitude is widespread throughout the world, as expressed by popular political attitudes and, more particularly, large-scale abstention from voting, it can also form a backdrop for political activism, seeking by violence the destruction of the existing political order or the substitution of a new and radically different one for the existing one. The violence that we witness in the form of hijacking, kidnapping, torture, indiscriminate killing, differs from traditional violence in the form of political assassinations and the destruction of political institutions in that it is in general politically aimless. Rather than being a rational means to a rational end, it is an end in itself, as such devoid of political rationality.

One could argue that while this kind of violence, as isolated and sporadic acts, is indeed devoid of political rationality, it becomes endowed with that quality when it is part of a concerted action seeking a clearly defined political change. Yet it is a common characteristic of individual violence throughout the world—Argentina, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, the United States—that it does not serve a rationally defined political aim, but finds its fulfillment in the act of destruction itself. It is an act born not of political concern but of political frustration and despair. Unable to change the political order from within through the procedures made available by that political order, unable likewise to overthrow that political order through concerted acts of violence, that is revolution, the political activist finds in indiscriminate destruction a substitute for the meaningful political act. He substitutes for the revolution, which aims at changing the world, the revolutionary tantrum, which for a fleeting moment satisfies him psychologically and frightens the supporters of the status quo without having any lasting effect upon the character and the distribution of power within society.

The individual, frustrated by his own loss of power and threatened by the unchallengeable power of the state, has still another avenue of escape. He can turn his back upon the existing social order and its institutions and search for and build a new society that makes him at home by giving meaning to his life and a chance for his abilities to prove themselves. Throughout long periods of history otherworldly religions have offered this alternative, and the monastery became the refuge of frustrated political man. In our period of history man thus frustrated must build his own monastery in the form of communes for living, political cooperation, esthetic pursuits and manual labor, searching for a "counterculture" of some kind that in time shall fill the void left by the disintegration of the old one.

It is against this background of general political decay and disintegration, affecting democratic and

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nondemocratic societies alike, but in different ways, that one must consider the decline of democratic government. Democracy suffers from what ails all governments, but it does so in a specific way. Democratic government is sustained by two forces: consensus upon the political fundamentals of society, and government with the consent of the governed through the people's ability to choose from among several policies by choosing among different men. These two forces must be sharply distinguished both for diagnostic and therapeutic purposes.

All democratic societies take for granted that the fundamental issues bearing upon the nature and distribution of power in society have been settled once and for all. Such settlements are typically the result of revolutions and civil or international wars. They are generally codified in written constitutions and, as such, they are not subject to public debate, let alone change by majority rule. They are the stable foundation upon which democratic institutions are erected, and the framework within which democratic processes operate. In other words men, if they can help themselves, will not allow the issues that are most important to them to be subjected to the vagaries of parliamentary or popular vote. They willingly submit to the vote of the majority only those issues that are not vital to them, that is, with regard to which they can afford to be outvoted. The really vital issues, which are, as it were, issues of political or economic life and death, are not susceptible to democratic settlement. Rather the viability of the democratic processes is predicated upon their settlement by the free interplay of military, economic and political forces.

It is the common character of the great issues, which have either wrecked or paralyzed democratic governments, that by their nature they are not susceptible to democratic settlement. They concern basically the distribution of economic and, through it, political power within the state. Thus it is that democratic elections appear not to settle anything of vital importance; for what needs to be settled cannot be settled by democratic procedures. In consequence democratic elections tend to resemble more and more charades, which at best result in adjustments within the status quo without even raising the fundamental issues of the distribution of economic and political power. Democratic challenges to the economic and political status quo are staved off by the manipulation of the electoral and parliamentary procedures, as in France and Italy or, where that manipulation appears to be insufficient, by military force, as in Argentina, Brazil or Chile. Considering the attempts at changing the basic distribution of economic and political power in the United States from populism to the Great Society, one cannot but marvel at the staying power of the status quo, which has not only maintained itself against attempts at radical reform but also has co-opted its main enemies by transforming the main body of the labor movement into its defenders.

Insofar as the popular challenge to the status quo is feeble, the democratic procedures are irrelevant to the fundamental issues that agitate society. Insofar as that challenge is perceived as a genuine threat by the ruling elite, the democratic procedures will be shunted aside if it appears to be necessary for the defense of the status quo. Thus the lack of consensus on the fundamentals of power in society renders government with the consent of the governed, that is democracy, either irrelevant or obsolete. The opposition turns its back on democracy because democracy witholds the chance to get what it wants. The powers that be dispense with democratic procedures because they fear to lose what they have. Thus frustration causes political apathy in all its forms, and fear reduces democratic procedures to means to be used or discarded on pragmatic grounds.

However, as concerns the weakness of democracy, frustration and fear are not distinct social phenomena. But they are organically connected, one stimulating the other and both cooperating in weakening democracy. Each manifestation of alienation in the form of violence and competitive social structures of counterculture increases the fear for the viability of the status quo. That fear, in turn, translates itself into measures of defense which are chosen primarily in view of their

". . . Phones tapped, mail opened, doors kicked down. . . . I guess all this is the price we gotta pay for living in the free world."

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service to the status quo and without regard for the requirements of democracy. Thus democratic government, by dint of its political dynamics, comes to resemble more and more the plebiscitarian type of pseudo-democracy. The people have still the legal opportunity of registering their dissent, and the government still observes the more conspicuous restrictions of its power; but neither has a genuine choice. For the relevant decisions are made neither by the people at large nor by the official government, but by the private governments where effective power rests, and they are made not in deference to democratic procedures but in order to save the economic and social status quo.

The decline of official government, both in general and in its democratic form, has still another consequence, transcending the confines of politics. In a secular age men all over the world have expected and worked for salvation through the democratic republic or the classless society of socialism rather than through the kingdom of God. Their expectations have been disappointed. The charisma of democracy, with its faith in the rationality and virtue of the masses, has no more survived the historic experience of mass irrationality and the excesses of fascism and of the impotence and corruption of democratic government, than the charisma of Marxism-Leninism has survived the revelations of the true nature of Communist government and the falsity of its eschatological expectations. No new political faith has replaced the ones lost. There exists then a broad and deep vacuum where there was once a firm belief and expectation, presumably derived from rational analysis.

No civilized government that is not founded on such a faith and rational expectation can endure in the long run. This vacuum will either be filled by a new faith carried by new social forces that will create new political institutions and procedures commensurate with the new tasks; or the forces of the status quo threatened with disintegration will use their vast material powers to try to reintegrate society through totalitarian manipulation of the citizens' minds and the terror of physical compulsion. The former alternative permits us at least the hope of preservation and renewal of the spirit of democracy. Neither alternative promises us the renewal of the kind of democratic institutions and procedures whose 200th anniversary we are about to celebrate.

The Collapse of Activism

What Became of the 1960s?

by C. Vann Woodward

It must have occurred to psychiatrists as well as to historians to speculate on what might have happened had the wave of radical protest that climaxed in the late '60s reached its crest simultaneously with the wave of exposures called Watergate. They missed coinciding by only three or four years. Had they done so, the consequences might have been appalling to contemplate. The combustible explosives of crime and scandal in highest office opened in public display would then have been exposed to the flames of radicalism and militant activism. It is probably just as well for the cause of domestic tranquility that the fortunes of history put a little distance between powder and flame.

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The sudden subsidence of the radical flame of the '60s is the main concern of this essay, yet, to be seen in full perspective, the movement of the '60s should be viewed with Watergate in the foreground. For Watergate is from the radicals' point of view a verdict of guilty as charged in their bill of indictment against what they had so recently described as an irretrievably corrupt society. Four years after the militant radicals completed their indictment and then suddenly grew silent, their scenario of retributive justice was being acted out, not by mobs of enraged students, but by duly constituted courts of law.

Watergate would seem to be the perfect vindication for the radicals of the 1960s. It would also seem to be the perfect setting for a revival of their movement, their militant activism, their demonstrations of rage and protest. But, as we know, little if any of this sort

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of thing has happened. Instead, the constitutional procedures have ground away with deliberate speed. Month after month, now, year after year, Senate committee hearings, House committee proceedings, grand jury sittings, court sessions, all with due process, have moved at their prescribed pace in dreamlike calm. No disruptions, no confrontations, scarcely a demonstration, rarely so much as a waving placard. The shouting and the tumult of a few years ago have died away. If the radicals were present at all, it was as bemused spectators, certainly not as activists. What had become of all the hosts of dissent and protest, their moral fervor, their strident zeal, their irrepressible impatience? What had happened?

In characterizing the suddennness of the emergence of the youth revolt, Kenneth Keniston wrote a few years ago that "rarely in history has apparent apathy been replaced so rapidly by publicized activism, silence by strident dissent." It is a temptation now to turn Keniston's characterization upside down and say that "rarely in history has publicized activism been replaced so rapidly by apparent apathy, strident dissent by silence."

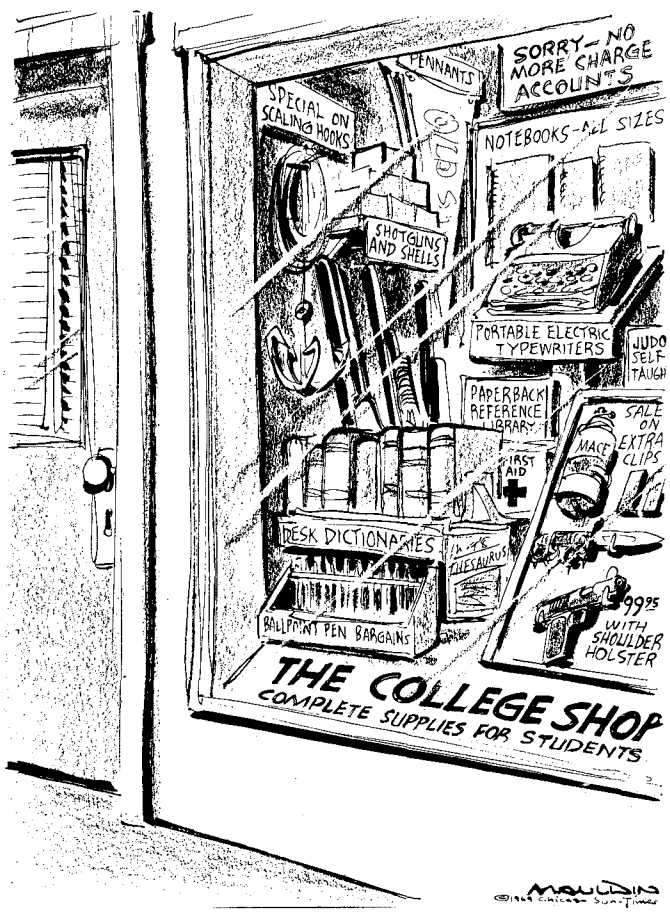
Perhaps it is time for a reassessment of the American youth rebellion of the 1960s. It received a vast amount of attention while it was in progress, but extremely little since the radical phase suddenly ended. Long shelves of books, many of them scholarly and serious, a considerable number by psychiatrists, attest the interest in the subject. But most of them already seem dated. Writing of an ongoing movement, their authors had assumed a durability and future for it that now seems curiously misplaced and distorting. It is unfair to fault them for lacking the hindsight that we enjoy, but the lack is undoubtedly a handicap. Even if we can do little more than supply the perspective they lacked we might contribute some further understanding.

It is difficult now to realize that as late as June 1970, a Gallup poll showed that a majority of Americans considered "campus unrest" to be "the nation's *main* problem." This is more understandable if we recall some of the events of the foregoing months and years that had forced student dissent upon public attention. In May 1970, following the invasion of Cambodia, student demonstrations occurred in a third of the 2500 colleges and universities of the country. By the 10th of May, 448 campuses were affected by student strikes or completely closed down. The tragedy of Kent State took four lives and that of Jackson State two more. Later that summer a terrorist bomb destroyed a mathematics building at the University of Wisconsin, killing one and injuring four other people. These events marked the culmination and final round of several years of disturbances. The FBI reported 7200 arrests over disruptive and violent protests the previous year, 1969-1970, and 4000 arrests the year before that.

It is not my intention to review the history of the student protest movement in the 1960s, but only to recall the contour of tactics, temper and fluctuating mood against the background of the escalating Vietnamese war, black movement violence, police repression and the assassination of a series of popular public figures. It is necessary also to suggest the degree to which the universities were in the process polarized, politicized and radicalized, and the extent to which they suffered disruption, damage and demoralization.

From start to finish, the great majority of seven million college students remained moderate and nonviolent. But the earlier temper of idealistic nonviolence deteriorated rapidly toward the end of the decade as more and more moderates fell under the sway of radicals and extremists. The latter minority was responsible for most of the violence and destruction. This included the destruction of buildings and property, of papers and records, the intimidation of trustees, administrators and faculty, their forceable confinement and threats against them, sometimes at knife point. Terrorist fringes entered the scene with guns, dynamite and bombs. Of the 41,000 bombings, attempted bombings and bomb threats recorded in the nation as a whole during the violent months between January 1, 1969 and April 15, 1970, more than 8200 were attributed to "campus disturbances and student unrest."

The radicalizing effect of the extremists is suggested by the fact that 80 percent of the white, middle-class



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graduating seniors at Berkeley in 1970 believed that "confrontation, ranging from nonviolent mass demonstrations to violent acts, are necessary to achieve social change." The growth of disenchantment and alienation among American college students as a whole was indicated by the Scranton commission report on campus unrest that "more than three quarters today [*i.e.*, of college students in 1970] believe that 'basic changes in the system' had proved unsuccessful," and a large number accepted disruptive tactics and declined clear repudiation of violent tactics on the part of a small minority. "This is a bleak picture," said the President's Commission on Campus Unrest, "but an accurate one."

It is important to remember, however, that the same report took pains to point out that in the spring of 1970 liberal and even conservative opinion still persisted among students in some strength. Only 11 percent of them at that time identified themselves as "radical or far left," while a majority in January 1970 still believed that President Nixon was "doing a good job." And even after the Kent State killings, 42 percent felt that "the National Guard [had] acted responsibly in most cases." The fact was that probably the greater part of student political activism was the work of moderates and its typical form was nonviolent protest demonstrations. In fact, in what the Scranton report called "the paradox of tactics," it found that "the more violent the extremists became, the more active many nonviolent moderates became." After all, it was they rather than the radicals who believed that it was still possible to work effectively for change within the system. In speaking of the dramatic shift from activism to apathy, therefore, we are not concerned merely with an extremist minority but with the moderate majority as well, for both are involved in the withdrawal from activism and the retreat into silence.

While they are commonly lumped together as "the Youth Rebellion," "student dissent" or "the now generation," there were really two fairly distinct categories of rebels. There were not only the political rebels but also the cultural rebels, adherents of the so-called counterculture, or one or another variety of countercultures, who manifested their revolt in "lifestyle." Superficial identifications took the form of costume, hair length, mannerisms of speech, the use of drugs and eccentricities of behavior. Much of this was conformity of a generational subculture. But stirring beneath and deeply moving for many were profoundly disturbing, if inarticulate, impulses of alienation from the adult world and the prevailing values of American society. Values of the Puritan ethic—work, money, career, marriage, religion, authority and sexual morality—came under attack, along with basic operational ideals of American society—competition, consumerism, materialism, rationalism, technology and militarism, along with a host of conventional social norms and pieties. Authority in any department and institutional discipline of any kind were called into question. In their place were exalted a romantic celebration of the senses and of nature, of the individual and personal relations, of existential experience for its own sake, of the expressive, the creative, and the imaginative. In short the counterculture had many aspects of a primitive religious movement.

During the '60s the political rebels and the cultural rebels sometimes made common cause. In some cases they constituted sources of mutual inspiration. They shared some values and goals and had a common opposition in a vaguely defined "establishment." The popular media rarely drew any distinction between the two camps. It was natural that political rebels and cultural rebels should have been lumped together in the popular mind. Even serious writers often confused the two and neglected important distinctions between them. Only after the collapse of the political activists in 1970 did the distinction between their movement and that of the counterculture become readily visible. For the cultural rebellion continued and for a time even intensified after the political revolt fell into decline. The political radicals, with their concern for power and the manipulation of people as instrumental to abstract purpose, were seen as antithetical to the values of the counterculture. Cultural rebels retreated to privatism and rejected public concerns for private values. Their alienation from dominant national values was indicated by the increasing percentage who were persuaded that ours was a "sick" society, and a startling 30 percent of all students in 1971 who declared that they would rather live in some other country than in the United States, preferably Australia, Canada or Western Europe, in that order.

For all that, in subsequent years there has been a cooling of the cultural as well as the political rebellion. Though it did not take place with as much dramatic suddenness and cannot be so clearly measured, the evidence is reported far and wide in terms of crowded libraries, eager students, higher grades, career-mindedness and multiplying applications to medical, law and graduate schools. This is not to say that the counterculture phenomenon is finished and done for and the generational gap is finally closed. There are too many signs of their continuing presence. But the cooling process nevertheless continues. One measure is the diminishing posture of anti-intellectual inarticulateness—conversations in which the student's contribution once consisted largely of such sentiments as, "Well, you know, it's like, man, I mean, you know, etc." It has been months now since I have heard so much as a single "you know," and the seasoning of ghetto expletives has almost totally disappeared from counterculture parlance. But all this is hindsight and reductionist and lacking in long-term perspective.

What of the efforts made while the movement was

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still in its heyday to assess its long-term significance and historical meaning? Whether these assessments were positive or negative, friendly or hostile, they shared a tendency to attach momentous historical significance to the movement, to make it, in fact, a major turning point in history. One school of interpretation assumed the movement to be basically religious in character and deemed it to be of a historic significance comparable to that of other major religious movements such as the Great Awakening, the Methodist revival, or even the Protestant Reformation itself. Such movements, it was pointed out, typically originated in periods of spiritual impoverishment and material plenty when chaotic social change coincided with moral confusion. The rebellions were generated in universities or monasteries among students or junior clergy at times of rapid increase in student numbers. In the 20th century the university as secular church replaced the Mother Church to which students came seeking salvation in the form of self-discovery. Instead they were handed stones in the form of scientific rationalism. They turned to psychedelic experience and esoteric religions as their 16th-century counterparts had turned from scholasticism to mysticism. They attacked the corruption of the professoriate as the Reformation students attacked the venality of the clergy. The subsidies for war research were the modern equivalent of the sale of indulgences. The university secular church like the medieval Mother Church was sunk in a "Babylonish captivity" and must be destroyed if it would not be liberated and purifed. The university, like the Mother Church, was seen as the microcosm of society, an irredeemably corrupt society. We are aptly reminded that after the historic confrontation at the Diet of Worms, Martin Luther decided not to shave or cut his hair.

Other interpretations have sought more secular analogies in their reading of the historic meaning of the youth movement. Citing Alfred North Whitehead's statement that "great ideas often enter reality in strange guises and with disgusting alliances," another interpreter sums up the meaning of the youth movement in 18 theses which, he believes, "add up to a new world view, a philosophy of life and of nature capable of transforming man's relationship to himself and his society." Of central importance to this assessment is the place that the movement accorded to community over individual values. Paradoxically enough, concern for community is traditionally rooted in conservative rather than in radical thought. As Robert A. Nisbet puts it, community "encompasses all forms of relationships which are characterized by a high degree of personal intimacy, emotional depth, moral commitment, social cohesion, and continuity in time." It is therefore antithetical to competition or conflict, utility or contractual assent, and in many ways to such operational concepts of modern industrial society as individualism, rationalism, science and material progress. Community is conservative, in the literal sense reactionary. Yet community is seen by this reading as lying at the heart of the counterculture. And its youthful adherents picture modern society as suppressing the basic "human" impulses of community as ruthlessly as Victorian society suppressed sexuality.

Still another line of interpretation embracing several schools of thought seeks to understand the youth revolt in terms of a major economic and social transformation that is in the process of lifting us out of an outmoded industrial society into a new society variously designated as postindustrial, postmodern, superindustrial or "technetronic" society of the future. This neo- or anti-utopian society, we are told, will be highly rationalized, highly productive and highly automated. It will require rapid rates of social change, elaborate social planning, more rational administration and a fundamentally technical approach to the solution of human problems—in other words, more human manipulation. Its more optimistic prophets promise blessings of greater leisure, more individual choices and sundry idyllic fringe benefits. The blessings of the postindustrial, technetronic utopia will, of course, come at a price. And the price will be an intensification of the very aspects of contemporary industrial society to which the counterculture most strenuously objects. The price for youth generally will be especially high, for the new society will impose a stern discipline

"Thank heaven he's stopped parading around the streets making a spectacle of himself."

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upon the young, requiring more prolonged schooling for new technical skills, postponed gratifications and deferred adult status. The social harness will tighten on their necks. The universities will replace the banks as headquarters of the new order, serving as knowledge factories to set the pace and impose the new discipline upon the young.

Those who share this vision of the future—writers like Zbigniew Brzezinski, Lewis Feuer, Bruno Bettelheim and Herman Kahn—regard the youth movement and its counterculture as a counterrevolutionary force. They compare it with the Luddite movement of the early 19th century when displaced agricultural workers tried to smash the factories that displaced them. Like the Luddites, the youthful dissenters of the postindustrial society are in rebellion against their own historical obsolescence. Dimly conscious of the anachronistic character of their values, their skills, their lifestyle and their obsolete philosophy, they lash out blindly, mindlessly and hysterically at the new order of technology, computers, discipline and social regimentation—all the essentials of the emerging society. Since the social revolution they resist is destined to prevail, "inevitable" in its ultimate triumph, the counterrevolutionary youth rebellion is a "death rattle" of the obsolete, foredoomed by history to failure.

Precisely the opposite interpretation is advanced by another school, which sees the youth rebellion as revolutionary instead of counterrevolutionary, as the vanguard of the future instead of the death rattle of the past. Writers such as Theodore Roszak, Charles Reich and Philip Slater also view the present as a period of historic cultural, social and economic transition, but the crisis as they see it is caused by the death throes of an obsolete order, not the triumphant birth of a technetronic utopia. It is the blind lashing out of an expiring system against its own contradictions, frustrations, bankruptcies and failures. The youthful opposition is the wave of the future, not the death rattle of the past. It is revolutionary, not counterrevolutionary. It is the triumph of youth that is inevitable, not that of age. It is young rebels who embody the health, the vision, the purity, the idealism that is essential to the revolution that must come to bring social salvation. Moreover, the revolution is envisioned as more or less painless, effortless and nonviolent—as well as inevitable.

It is the revolutionary rather than the counterrevolutionary interpretation of the American youth revolt that has captured the foreign imagination and inspired imitators abroad. Jean Francois Ravel, the French writer, proclaims that "the revolution of the twentieth century will take place in the United States. It is only there that it can happen"—not in China or Russia or Yugoslavia or Europe or anywhere in the Third World, but in the very country traditionally assumed by all liberal and right-thinking Frenchmen to be the very citadel of counterrevolution—the United States of America. Moreover we are told by Ravel, "It is *the* revolution of our time," and "offers the only possible escape for mankind today."

One answer to the question raised by the title of this essay, "What Became of the 1960s?" might be that their spirit is alive and well and living in the heart of European universities today. That certainly is the impression gained from attendance at a conference of about 100 university professors, mainly from the countries of continental Western Europe, that was held in Venice last fall to discuss the plight of universities in the Western world. The story that our European colleagues told of conditions in many of the oldest and most famous seats of learning in the world came as a profound shock to most of the American delegates. What they heard sounded like a perpetuation or reenactment of much that the Americans present had lived through four to eight years ago and of which they still bore scars.

Indeed some of the European accounts sounded more like the materialization of our nightmares of those years than a reenactment of actual events. Evident were the same erosion of authority, the assault on standards, the decline of academic freedom, the mockery of scholarly achievement, the ravages of participatory democracy with equal votes for janitors, secretaries and students in academic government, the same politicization of the academy, the polarizations, the radicalizations, all adding up to the intellectual debasement and what has been called "the degradation of the academic dogma."

At its worst there appeared in some of the universities of Germany and northern Europe, to a degree rarely experienced in American universities even at the height of radicalism, a systematic intimidation of students, terrorizing of professors, the takeover of administrations, the shutdown or destruction of plants, and the conversion of scholarly institutions into political propaganda factories. These are occurring not in marginal countries of doubtful stability, but in the advanced democracies of northern Europe, in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and the Scandinavian countries, as well as in France and Italy. These are, of course, manifestations of the student movement at its worst and most extreme side, untypical of the movement as a whole. But it was a side that had also surfaced in some American universities a few years ago.

Listening to the chilling accounts of deterioration in European universities, American professors at Venice could hardly suppress a mood of complacency and congratulation. Admittedly the European scene evoked some unhappy memories of half forgotten events at home, but the 1960s now seemed so remote and improbable. Especially so when one thought of the contemporary academic scene in America—those peaceful, crowded libraries and earnest, hard-working, achievement-oriented, respectful students one was teaching

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and had been teaching for several years now. Still long of hair or beard and proletarian or hippie in costume, they nevertheless appear bent once more to the work ethic—whatever they do about other aspects of the Puritan code. Moreover, they appear perfectly content to leave academic government to university presidents and deans and teaching to the faculty. Even more remarkable, they seem willing to leave the exposure and correction of official misconduct in foreign affairs and moral degeneration of domestic government and society to their elders.

The temptations of complacency and self-congratulation diminish somewhat—or they should—when we reflect on our record of analysis, understanding, explanation and interpretation of the historic phenomena of the '60s. I have tried to suggest some of the wild inconsistencies, contradictions and misreadings of this movement put forward by scholarly writers and by journalists. We have seen how it has been interpreted as both radical and reactionary, both revolutionary and counterrevolutionary. It has been read as a historic turning point of apocalyptic significance, comparable to the Reformation or the Great Awakening; but it has also been dismissed as the self-indulgence of an affluent and undisciplined generation of brats. Its message has been seen as the restoration of human community and the promise of spiritual salvation and mental health, but also as another deplorable manifestation of a "sick" society. There may be truth in all these interpretations, but they do seem a bit difficult to reconcile, one with another. And none of them seems readily reconcilable with subsequent events.

So far I have refrained from exploring theories of the origins of youthful dissent and opposition, hypotheses of causal explanation. I am reluctant to enter a field that has been rather heavily populated by psychiatrists, a field in which I claim no competence. However any effort to assess our attempts to understand the youth rebellion of the '60s and to explain what has happened to the youth movement in the '70s will have to take into account theories of its origins. The theories concerned have been advanced by people of varied competence, authority and standing in their profession, and I shall have to leave to others assessment of their relative worth. My purpose here will be merely to present a selective sample of the theories, psychogenic and other varieties.

By their tendency to hypothesize unconscious or irrational causes as the "real" motives behind revolt, most, though not all, psychoanalytical explanations appear to deny the validity of youths' own explanation of their motives and thus to take an unfriendly or even hostile approach. This would seem especially characteristic of the Oedipal-rebellion hypotheses. In general these picture the youthful rebel as acting out a psychodrama of familial origin, "displacing" the conflicts of family onto society, and acting out intrapsychic conflicts in external behavior. Some of the Oedipal theorists see the rebel as blindly striking out against the sundry surrogates (such as university, government or police) for a powerful, authoritarian father; others see him attacking surrogates for a weak ineffectual father unable to spare his son excessive castration anxieties; still others see the cause of revolt in insufficient parental responsiveness. Other psychiatrists point to the barrenness, impoverishment and spiritual emptiness of middle-class families as causal origins, while a larger school emphasizes the notorious "permissiveness" of affluent, idealistic and liberal-minded parents; the very opposite of the authoritarian parents so often singled out as villains.

One difficulty with the Oedipal-rebellion hypothesis pointed out by Kenneth Keniston is that "the Oedipus complex is universal in all normally developing children." It is therefore an explanation that does not explain. For example it does not explain why the student rebellion suddenly arose and why it suddenly declined, why in some periods rebellions occur and in some they do not, or why more rebels tend to spring from prosperous, middle-class, idealistic families than from working-class, deprived families—assuming always that the Oedipus complex is a constant. Keniston finds that student radicals are "no more neurotic, suicidal, enraged or disturbed than non-radicals." Taking a more friendly approach to the psychology of the radical activists, he finds them to be "rather more integrated, self-accepting, and 'advanced,' in a psychological sense, than their politically inactive contemporaries."

Opposed to the Oedipal-rebellion theory is the "red-diaper baby" hypothesis, which finds that the typical radical child springs from a politically radical family and is thus a "chip off the old block." Missing is the generation gap or conflict and in its place there is generational solidarity betokening an easy assimilation of parental values and a smooth, continuous, uninterrupted personality development. In place of patricidal impulses and primal rage, we find here idyllic, pre-Freudian parent-child relationships, with mutual sympathy and understanding support—minus the normal ambiguities of feeling in such relations. But between the Oedipal rebel and the red-diaper baby, a third school locates an archetypical student militant bursting with ambivalencies, tormented by a schism in the parental image. The father image this time is sharply split between contradictory parts. One part is seen as an idealistic, honest, highly principled and strong father, but in another mood the rebel son sees the same father as a weak, unsuccessful, ineffectual and generally inadequate chap. The young radical is pictured as engaged in a struggle for repudiation of the weak-image father and an identification with the strong-image father.

Picking one's way innocently through this psycho-

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analytical briar patch of contradictory theories, the layman is likely to become bewildered and confused. At least one layman had this experience. Hoping to find guidance and clarification, he found instead disagreement and conflicting theories pointing in opposite directions. The psychiatrists, in fact, appeared to the uninformed layman to be as confusing as the sociologists, some of whom labeled the student dissenter radical and some reactionary, some revolutionary and some counterrevolutionary, some as man's last best hope of social salvation, and some as a generation of vipers and spoiled brats.

With discouragement at these attempts, we turn to still another explanation of the generational explosion of the '60s. This derives from the thought of Erik Erikson, who sees modern youth as uniquely endowed with a "psychosocial moratorium," a period between adolescence and adulthood when the young are freed from conventionalizing social roles and gain golden opportunities to define their identities and perfect their moral senses and ethical capacities by protracted societal abstentions. Protected by immunities, they dare to risk punishment for breaking laws and conventions and defying authorities and thus speak out their moral insights, identify with the oppressed, and seek an inner liberation, an authentic selfhood, a true identity. But opponents of this theory, as Walter Metzger points out, see the same deferment of adulthood as a prolongation of adolescence, "a debilitating combination of precocious instruction and prolonged dependency," that joins premature sophistication and loss of innocence with an equal loss of responsibility. Instead of moral clarity and secure identity, this dangerous combination might be more likely to induce inclinations to self-delusion, an ethic of moral absolutes, a blindness to the worth of institutions, and a nihilistic irresponsibility. Once more we are faced with irreconcilable interpretations on the part of the experts, antithetical readings of the same phenomena. Again, reluctant to make a Hobson's choice, we turn away in discouragement.

"They'll never get me *into uniform."*

Finally, two other antithetical explanations are paired in partial contradiction. These are more common and less esoteric. One is the "internalistic" explanation, the theory that the real causes of the student rebellion are to be found in the academy itself—more invidiously, the "multiversity." The other "externalist" theory that the true causes are to be sought in the sordid world beyond the walls of the academy, the awful mess made by the older generation with which youth is left to cope. Obviously there is something to be said for both theories. Within the academy the young are exposed not only to the peer subculture of drugs, mysticism and radicalism, but also in their classes and libraries to critical traditions of liberalism, radicalism and avant-gardism. Outside in the sordid world rage unjust wars and racial injustice, and the threat of nuclear holocaust hangs over it all. Still the universities and colleges were not much different in decades before the student rebellion exploded and have not changed much since it subsided. As for the externalist explanation, much the same type of student rebellions broke out in other developed countries that were unburdened by a Vietnamese war, grave racial problems or hair-triggered nuclear artillery. Here again are explanations that do not explain—or that leave much to be explained.

The fact is that none of the theories of interpretation or explanation we have explored—scholarly or popular, esoteric or commonplace—have quite measured up to expectations or met the test of hindsight and unanticipated developments. Framed for the most part in expectation of an enduring movement or one of intensifying activism, dissent, radicalism and protest, the long-range theories of interpretation and explanation are caught short by an unexpected and unexplained silence and cessation. Presumably there were as many permissive or authoritarian parents, as many Oedipus-complexes or red-diaper babies, as many strong fathers or ineffectual fathers, and as many "psychosocial moratoriums" after 1970 as there were before. That postindustrial or technetronic revolution presumably still grinds away with the same presumed inevitability, still leaving it unsettled whether the youth rebellion was a death rattle or a birth cry, Luddite or avant garde. At any rate the new Reforma-

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tion did not reform. The university as secular church went through a few motions of reform. It sells fewer indulgences and takes fewer defense contracts, but the conditions that were presumed to make it a seed bed for rebels are still there and not all that changed. As for the outside world beyond the walls, it seems to get more sordid by the hour and the multiplying scandals are greeted with silence or apathy by activists of yesterday. Student activists pull down governments and wreck universities abroad, but not in the land that originated the movement.

There has been a great failure here. And I am not talking now about parents or students, or about society or government. I am speaking of the failure of the intellectuals, the explainers, the thinkers, the writers. It has been a failure to perceive, to understand, to comprehend, and to explain one of the important developments of our time. We have all shared in that failure, for none of us has measured up to the task. The answer to the question, "what became of the 1960s?" seems to be that they have been shelved as an unsolved problem. If we ever get back to it, I hope we will remember this time that it is our own children we are talking about.

The Fleeting New Left

Historical Memory, Political Vision

by Irving Howe

"We cancel our experience," wrote Clifford Odets in one of his later plays. It is a stunning line, and it could stand as an epigraph for the whole American story. We race along from dizzy decade to decade. We hurry from the tepid conservatism of the '50s to the utopian frenzies of the '60s, and now, in the '70s, to an apocalyptic doom-dreaming. Often it's the same kinds of people—writers, professors, intellectuals—who embrace each collective fashion, rarely troubling to look back, as if aware that what they would see would be themselves.

But let's try that for a moment, drifting backward to the '60s, to their passions and furies. . . .

Scenes of campus turbulence form in memory. Professors who only the day before yesterday were the milkiest of liberals or who declared themselves above "mere" politics, now lash themselves into a revolutionary intoxication. They denounce people like myself as barriers to the gathering popular upsurge, since, as socialists, we cling to outmoded "forms" of academic autonomy and political democracy. We are blind to the crucial fact that "the kids are turning the country around," while they, revolutionists for a semester, are eager to be turned. Indeed, to be spun.

Five or six years have passed and if any of us have been turned, it's been in other directions. So it seems appropriate to ask: what, in the ripeness of time, do these professorial *enragés* make of their political experience? Would they still stand by their praise for Stokely Carmichael and Mark Rudd, Eldridge Cleaver and Tom Hayden? Surely they cannot behave as if nothing really had happened—though many of them, as they go about their daily academic routine, try to do precisely that. Surely they are under an obligation to take responsibility for and make some public estimate of their earlier words and actions. And surely they must consider the painful question: what inner failing of 20th-century liberals has made so many of them vulnerable to the machismo swagger, the ideological bullying of authoritarian leaders?

Or do they prefer simply to "cancel their experience"?

For those of us on the American left who were blessed—or cursed—with a sense of historical continuity, it was hard to shape an effective response to the fervors of the '60s. Vivid and amorphous, the New Left evoked in us qualified judgments, but it soon became clear that the whole point of the new political-cultural styles was to scorn qualified judgments. Hard experiences over the preceding decades had taught us the value of complication and a bit of irony, and now we found that what we had come to regard as intellectual virtues were political liabilities. The sad truth is that, if we retained the intellectual virtues, we never overcame the political liabilities.

We admired the energy of the young radicals, we

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shared many of their criticisms of American society, but we could not go along with their pastoral simplicities. They, in turn, saw people like Michael Harrington and myself as indecisive, tired, undone by the appetite for nuance.

We had been raised to respect the word; they were proposing a politics of gesture. I remember meetings of socialists who were trying to work out a response to the Washington demonstrations against the war in Vietnam. We too were against that war, but we took the trouble (as almost no one else did) to read the documents issued by the organizers of the demonstrations. What we read appalled us. The sectarian ideologues who wrote these documents clearly had a double standard: their legitimate attacks on the authoritarian Saigon regime were never accompanied by criticism of the authoritarianism of the Vietcong. As for the thousands of people who came to the demonstrations, they paid about as much attention to the manifestoes as most Americans pay to the platforms of the two major parties. The demonstrators wanted to be counted, they cared very little about the ideologies behind or the speakers at the demonstrations. But for democratic socialists and some liberals to yield to this sort of passionate imprecision would have meant to deny our very being.

We floundered. We wanted to join the protests against the war and sometimes we did; but we could not blot out our awareness that many of the people controlling these demonstrations had about as much concern for freedom as Diem and Thieu. We could not reduce ourselves to the simplicities that politics, at least the politics of the '60s, seemed to demand. As a result we failed to influence the young radicals or almost anyone else. Other intellectuals, ready to drop the scruples (or what the radical young would call the hang-ups) of a lifetime, fared better.

I recall another occasion, in the early '60s. A meeting was arranged between the *Dissent* editors and some leaders of the SDS, then a tiny, little-known group. The *Dissent* people were pleased, since we hoped to discover some political heirs. Separated by two decades, the two groups nevertheless found large areas of common opinion. But we also felt that the SDS leaders were a little woolly in their utopianism and, far more important, much too ready to apologize for the lack of democracy in Communist countries, especially Castro's Cuba. They in turn must have regarded us as rigid and doctrinaire.

Going off on long, didactic speeches, we mishandled the situation tactically. We should, no doubt, have been more relaxed and patient. But did we finally have any political and moral choice? How, short of self-denial, could we have remained silent about our deepest conviction: that socialism and democracy are inseparable? As the discussion grew heated, we came to see that the most brilliant of the SDS leaders was a chap named Tom Hayden—but also that he was the most fanatical, one with whom no mere politeness of manner could veil the passions roused by ideological difference. Hayden did not suffer from illusions about the democratic character of North Vietnam or Cuba; he spoke with the clenched authority of a party leader; and if one or two of the others would turn out to be yogas, he was clearly destined for the role of commissar.

The meeting broke up, and our relations broke down. Later, encountering Hayden at campus rallies, I felt again that he was very gifted but that the authoritarianism that is the poison of our century had long settled into his mind. And I felt—unjustly?—that if he had the power and believed it necessary, he wouldn't hesitate to put me up against the wall and have me shot. That done, he might shed a tear for my miscreant social democratic soul.

It was to such entanglements of opinion and feeling that the politics of the '60s drove people: those like Hayden who seemed to be riding a crest of popular sentiment, and those like me who were trapped in unyielding persuasions.

If these fragments of memory signify, it is only insofar as they lead to major problems. For the third time in the 20th century, a radical movement in America had taken on a mass character and seemed close to becoming a powerful force. Then, in a twinkling, it vanished. People with New Left convictions remain, of course, but they cannot act, they are politically paralyzed.

This extraordinarily dramatic rise and fall seems to follow a fundamental pattern of American radicalism. There is a gathering of energies, a coming together of styles of discontent. A movement springs up, buoyed by evangelical and apocalyptic expectations. Then an encounter with American politics—its difficulties, its recalcitrance, its opportunism—leads to a flash of disappointment. For what, after all, is to be done with a movement neither attuned to the gradualism inherent in our system nor seriously prepared for revolutionary struggle? Splits follow, they must follow. One wing turns to the purities of isolation, seeking the good life or "the correct line" (they provide parallel comforts) in the fellowship of a commune or the intensities of a sect. The other group turns to *realpolitik*, usually by trying to "penetrate" trade unions and old-line parties. Withdrawal and accommodation: these are the horns of the radical dilemma.

Debsian socialism in the years before World War I foundered on this dilemma, and so did the socialism of Norman Thomas several decades later. The experience of Stalinism, because determined by directives from abroad, was crucially different; but even Stalinism showed the marks of these contrary impulses, though what I've called withdrawal and accommodation the Marxist vocabulary calls sectarianism and opportunism.

In its first several years the New Left went through

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an attractive phase, a populist fraternity stressing the desire to make real the egalitarian claims of the American tradition, a non- or even anti-ideological politics, and a strategy of going into local communities to help minority groups. Perhaps the most notable action of the early New Left was the journey hundreds of young people took in the summer of 1963 to work in Mississippi registering black voters. At the time this first phase of the New Left seemed to promise a reinvigoration of American political life.

The second phase, starting at some point in the late '60s, took a sharp turn: away from the shapelessness of "participatory democracy" and toward the rigidity of vanguard elites, away from the fraternal spirit of nonviolence and toward a quasi-Leninist fascination with violence. Even as it grew in numbers, the New Left could not become more than a blown-up reincarnation of the radical sects of the past—though at its culminating point, it added a touch of desperado terrorism that no leftist group in America had ever before descended to.

Now what is most interesting about this rapid decline is that the two major phases of the New Left, though sharply different in moral quality, were not quite as distinct politically as might seem. A politics of populist fraternity slid into a politics of authoritarian rigidity. Both chose to remain outside the arena of "ordinary" American political life, both looked with anxiety at the prospect of being "co-opted" by the establishment, both constituted a kind of anti-politics or transpolitics. More important, both shared an impatience, soon spilling over into contempt, for the methods and norms of democracy—the "sham" of representative elections, the "irrelevance" of undemonstrative majorities, the "manipulation" of the masses by politicians and media, the "dullness" of ordinary people. Guided by such theorists as Herbert Marcuse, the New Left in both its phases betrayed a deep elitist bias. It might speak about "the people" and later "the workers," but it found its base of support among the alienated middle-class young.

In small, articulate groups, the style of "participatory democracy" could bring a certain freshness of voice—though its contempt for organizational structure also encouraged manipulation by tight little factions. But once an effort was made to transfer "participatory democracy" to the larger society, that is, the world beyond student caucuses, it had a way of enabling the schemes of left authoritarians. To dismiss "formal democracy" in behalf of "participatory democracy" was to jettison the values of both, as if democratic rights didn't always require a commitment to "forms," rules both fixed and open to change through agreed-upon procedures. A failure to think through the implications of an attractive catch-phrase led to moral disaster.

Looking back at the '60s one feels a certain sadness. What a waste of energies that could have gone into the necessary work of social change in America. How painful that, in their innocent way, the young radicals should have so fatally repeated the errors, and worse than errors, of earlier American radicalism. Do the people who stood at the head of this movement now ask themselves, how could it happen that just a moment or two after their greatest triumphs came so shattering a disintegration? Or do they prefer to "cancel their experience"?

The question that haunts me is whether this rhythm of utopian enthusiasm followed by sectarian crack-up is somehow "built into" the course of American radicalism. Two great pressures are at work here, that of 19th-century America and that of 20th-century Europe, a quasi-religious fervor that disdains the "small" and "dirty" business of politics in the name of a total transformation of man and a hard-spirited ideological thrust that is prepared to destroy freedom in the name of a total transformation of man. The distinctively American fervor, perhaps Emersonian in origin and tone, seems to me an essential component of any radicalism that is to have native roots, but its unmodulated and almost wilful innocence can also destroy such a radicalism. Or worse yet, in the setting of our century, it can all too quickly turn into its opposite: innocence become cynicism, utopianism become authoritarianism.

Rephrased, the question is whether it is possible in the United States to build a radical movement that will be both political and moral, caught up with the limited needs of the moment yet bringing to bear upon that moment a larger vision of the good society. Is it possible for people of the left to be both "in" and "out" of the world they would transform, sharing with their fellows all the seemingly small concerns of the moment yet continuing to assert a basic social criticism?

Groups of intellectuals, we know, can maintain this double vision, but groups of intellectuals are never enough. A radical, or liberal, politics without a popular base must soon decline into a sort of "celebrity politics," dependent on the charisma or energy of a few people, sometimes only one person, and thereby susceptible to all sorts of distortions. Consider the present embarrassment of American liberalism, which

COMING: John Osborne's account of Mr. Ford's trip to the Far East and the Soviet Union

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at a time of the most difficult social and economic problems spends a good portion of its energies in fretting about the lack of "a candidate." If there were a vital grassroots liberal *movement* in this country, it would not be caught in the humiliation of rushing about in search of some politician to save it.

The double vision that I've suggested here as a perspective for an American democratic radicalism may in fact be too complicated for any political movement. It may be the kind of formula that suits intellectuals better than other people. I hope not, but must admit that the experience of the '60s hardly fills one with overflowing confidence. Still, I remain quite certain that without such a double vision, it will not be possible to build a significant radicalism in this country. Or even a significant liberalism.

Bread, Circuses And the Best Thing

by Marcus G. Raskin

Not long ago I sat with a group of people, including a congressman and a journalist, talking about the affairs of the day. Eventually the discussion turned to the nomination of Nelson Rockefeller as Vice President. Since I was appalled by Ford's choice, I was glad to hear the congressman question the nomination. The congressman's argument reminded me of the ancient debates about oligarchy and democracy. He said that Rockefeller symbolized institutions that would come under increasing attack over the next decade: the Central Intelligence Agency, big business and all the high-handed, arrogant methods of the powerful. He feared that the electorate would come to believe that the American government is nothing but an instrument of the oligarchs to perpetuate and to extend their power.

It was predictable that a congressman from a small town, who was never enamored of imperial power, would voice a plebeian disdain for an oligarch's ambition and appetite. I was surprised, however, when the journalist disagreed. He argued that Rockefeller was the embodiment of the American dream. Furthermore he thought that Americans were pleased with Rockefeller's appointment because it made real and believable their own material aspirations and, if you will, greed. His comments bothered me not only because they assumed that success as a capitalist is central to American aspirations, namely the will to power and privilege, but that Rockefeller, the pharaonic buffo, was now thought to be the authentic voice of democracy.

The congressman had hinted at the development of a momentary standoff between democracy and oligarchy in American society. Some might believe that a standoff is desirable. In his important book, *The Eclipse of Citizenship,* Robert Pranger refers to the debates between Cromwell's leaders and the Levellers' representatives. The Levellers argued for the right of the "poorest he" to have equal voice in political affairs with the "richest he." Pranger embraces the Levellers' belief in the compatibility of participation and hierarchic power. Each, it is thought, is a balance to the other. Yet history has taught us that such a balance cannot exist where hierarchy and power do not submit to the democratic process. There is no way for democracy to exist within a hierarchy in which power is wielded for or by the few. In an oligarchy democracy is reduced to a mere control mechanism. On the other hand hierarchically organized activities can be tolerated within democracy when there is a democratic participatory base and where an enterprise is legitimatized because it serves the common good. If we are to see democracy as something more than an ideological statement or a cover for oligarchic rule in various institutions of privilege, a way must be found to extend democracy into hitherto closed institutions.

Although there is no clear understanding of what we now mean by democracy, it is apparent that we have traveled a long way since de Tocqueville's visit to the United States. In *Democracy in America* the French aristocrat saw the American dream as a dream of equality, a vision that frightened him since he saw

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this dream inexorably enveloping Europe. "America then, exhibits in her social state an extraordinary phenomenon. Men are there seen on a greater equality in point of fortune and intellect, or in other words, more equal in their strength, than in any other country in the world, or in any age in which history has preserved the remembrance." The principle of equality was the underpinning and the *project* of democracy. This project made Americans different from other people. Yet in our time liberals, who see themselves as the guardians of democracy, have become uncomfortable with its egalitarian tendencies. They are distrustful of the people and more in tune with bureaucracy, hierarchy and authority. In practice, liberals have found themselves favoring oligarchy and inequality rather than democracy. They became the interest-and-power balancers between the rich and poor, the powerful and powerless. Liberals have been content to use the oligarchic framework to test reformist schemes that give an aura of legitimacy and decency to oligarchy. The strategy of social change that liberals adopted during the Cold War period did not start from any democratic theory. Rather it was a theory of privilege in which the rich were to keep and extend their privileges and the poor were called "underprivileged." They were teased by an interventionary government with "equality of opportunity," the track for the ambitious, the fast, the achiever, the man on the make to win personal status and privilege. In other words liberals accorded everyone the right to become unequal at the expense of the commonweal.

Cold War liberalism weakened democracy because it assumed that democracy was merely a strategy to keep stability at home through the allocation of "privileges." It helped to promote bipartisanism, which meant that in foreign policy—historically an elite enterprise—liberals would raise no complaint against imperialism and its pretensions. It was not on moral grounds, for example, that pragmatic liberal leaders turned sour on the Indochina war. It was on the grounds that the war "didn't work." For a generation liberals saw themselves as part of the "vital center," finding their sustenance in unwholesome collaboration with oligarchs. Too often they refused to work intellectually or politically to understand the nature of the entire political and social system, rather they shielded their eyes from the obvious. Consequently they lost track of the essence of democracy. They rejected the building of a left, although historically it has been the left that believed in the spirit of the enlightenment.

The essence of democracy is far deeper than the strategic view of it that liberals adopted in their accommodation with the oligarchs. In the 18th century Condorcet pointed out that of all the modes of governing that were congenial to man's "nature self" democracy was best. For the left, in our time, democracy and constitutionalism remain the mechanisms enabling people to find their being. Democracy provides a means of expression, deliberation, participation, a way of living in society. Modern American liberalism has not seen fit to develop that aspect of democracy that would manifest itself in local control, decentralization, limitation of central authority and the spread of participation through the workplace and the press. Instead liberalism has been satisfied with the primitive formulation that each person "counts" in a democracy. Where democratic participation and public deliberation do not *precede* the "counting" principle, the individual person is merely objectified. He becomes someone who is to be informed, brought up and molded to decisions by ruling elites or impersonal institutions that employ the tools of "objective" science to determine the utility of particular actions and the malleability of the public.

On the other hand the left view of democracy assumes that each person *matters*. The person's presence changes and creates the culture through a living, sharing dialogue in which a person seeks, participates and shapes his existence. He limits power through his own actions in the world, defining what is shared and inviolable. In other words democracy and the concept of "mattering" add human dimension to the community for they build empathy. The person mediates his needs through participation as a citizen and through *control* over public matters. A reexamination of basic forums is necessary for democracy to occur. It is absurd to believe that having the vote is to live in a democracy. Attempts to have colonizing rule painted over with democratic rhetoric fool no one.

The revolutionary impulses of the 20th century—women's liberation, decolonization, equality, participation and economic justice—have all taken their cues from the ideals of democracy. These profound events have shaken hierarchic authority all over the world. We need a new definition of democracy taking into account these revolutionary impulses. And while we seek a new definition of democracy we should learn its old meanings.

As Raymond Williams has pointed out the privileged have always thought there was an inevitable Jacobin quality to democracy. It is, after all, the means by which the middle class and poor attempt to take property and power from the rich and hold them in common or divide them among the many. Yet, even according to Aristotle, "Every citizen, it is said, must have equality, and therefore in a democracy the poor have more power than the rich, because there is more of them, and the will of the majority is supreme." A less offensive definition to the rich has been offered by the Thomists. Jacques Maritain has argued that a "genuine democracy implies a fundamental agreement between minds and wills on the basis of life in common"; but such a definition is faulty because it does not directly recognize the need to have property and wealth in

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common. The Thomists conveniently forgot that the consciousness of the society and the education of most people are organized by those with power and wealth. Thus for the Thomist view to be relevant to all, the frontiers of private property must be pushed back. In other words the property that defines the character of the society or is crucial to the existence of society must come to be held in common.

This idea is hardly revolutionary. The heart of the New England town was the commons, a place where people took what they needed and replenished on the basis of their own responsibility. What was held collectively was nature's gift to democracy. As Lewis Mumford said the commons was an open area "where the [townspeople's] sheep and cattle might safely graze, under the eyes of a municipal official, the cattle reeve . . . Each member of the community at the beginning was allocated his share of the land." Political participation was guaranteed and required while a "basic minimum to the diligent and the thrifty" was also guaranteed. In other words the 18th-century theories of enterprise and property started from the premise that *prior* to the accumulation of personal wealth a commons had to exist that would sustain the people economically and confer citizenship upon them.

What could constitute the commons for our generation? They would be, first of all, local and confederative in character. By this I mean that the commons would be cooperative farms developed with cities, towns and neighborhoods, factories that workers and the public would control and operate, and public spaces, indoors and outdoors, for people to develop their culture, to talk, to create and to argue together. In modern times the commons must also include oligopoly and monopoly industries. These industries can no longer be viewed as private, harmless competitive enterprise. Because democracy veered from the principle that there was a commons for the people, American public life has been reduced to a series of "exchange" operations that by their nature and purpose caused people to think that democracy and capitalism were interchangeable. Indeed one liberal senator, when he visited Cuba, said that "we capitalists want to live in peace," as if democracy by definition was capitalist.

We are faced with teaching ourselves a civics lesson. Democracy must take precedence over capitalism, restoring to the political economy the principle of human enterprise and cooperation. When we look beneath the crust of capitalism and actually examine the American work and productive process, it is obvious that people in the work place and the neighborhoods cooperate as a matter of course. Thus it would not be a herculean task to extend the commons, to speak and debate it because it is already familiar to us. The commons must be made explicit because it is a basic element of democracy that ties people to each other and to nature. It is crucial that the American people be aware of oligarchs parading as "hi ya fella" egalitarians while they seek to cement their control over state power and ride roughshod over democratic institutions. The people must, through assemblies and meetings, begin their own deliberations and actions to spread democracy through the society. Once we learn about the issues it is less likely that we will be taken in by the assumption that the few or the one should have the power to jeopardize the lives of the rest of us.

A Gravely Flawed Foreign Policy

The Kissinger Years

by James Chace

It is probably fair to assume that Richard Nixon was assured, during those final hours in the White House, that the foreign policy he directed would vindicate his reign. Indeed the "success" of his foreign policy may well have been put to him as part of a positive rationale for resignation. For once it became clear to Nixon that the foreign policy he had initiated and Kissinger had executed would be endangered by a paralyzed presidency, then how better than by resigning could he preserve the assurance that the legacy of his foreign policy would define his achievements? In the short term this calculation may prove correct:

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certainly to judge from public statements following his departure, Nixon's foreign policy has been hailed as compensation for the sordid tale of Watergate. And it will continue to be lauded because of the apparent indispensibility of his Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger.

This should surprise nobody in the light of the reverent accounts of Kissinger's career, the virtual immunity to criticism the Secretary himself demands, and the undeniable fact that American foreign policy has moved, if not from an era of confrontation to an era of negotiation, then from an essentially universalist stance to a nonideological, neo-Bismarckian style of *realpolitik*.

The tactics the two men adopted were stunning. By ruse and surprise, modeling themselves on the style though not the vision of Gen. de Gaulle, Nixon and his protégé confounded the public with daring diplomacy. The opening to China without any prior warning, the exercise of summitry in Moscow and San Clemente, the space-age shuttle diplomacy to achieve a partial Israeli-Egyptian disengagement of forces—such were the feats of the Kissinger years. Perhaps it was the very triumph of style that mesmerized the public and muted the critics. Rarely was the substance of the diplomacy rigorously questioned. Yet it is not enough merely to criticize the highly idiosyncratic style of the Secretary of State, who appears more and more clearly not as a great conceptualizer but as a brilliant tactician, the negotiator nonpareil, the supreme practitioner of the art of bureaucratic politics; it is the substance of the new American foreign policy that should be scrutinized. What are the long-term costs of what has been done? On balance has Washington pursued a wise foreign policy? This is not a matter of receiving report cards every so often, but rather of questioning, without being tendentious, the central issues of the new American foreign policy.

I would begin by largely dismissing the conceptual framework that Nixon overstated and Kissinger qualified. Balance-of-power politics, while hardly ever out of date except rhetorically, were put forth in classical terms suited for a plural rather than a bipolar world. In this reckoning, there were to be five powers, Western Europe, the United States, Russia, China and Japan, in the words of Richard Nixon, "each balancing the other, not playing one against the other, an even balance." Such a balance would aim at equilibrium, as did the classical concept of the 19th century. Whether or not such a balance would be seen as an essential by the five mid-20th century "powers" was never answered. And as time passed, when a Europe in disarray, a Japan revealed as the most potentially vulnerable of all if her energy sources were threatened, and when small oil-producing states successfully challenged these traditional centers of power, the whole notion of five-power diplomacy and equilibrium was quietly discarded. A visitor jokingly suggested to Kissinger not long ago that the world's five powers are now the US, the Soviet Union, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Abu Dhabi. But tactically the initial concept of balance-of-power politics, with its implicit renunciation of ideology, allowed Nixon and Kissinger to proceed on the path of triangular diplomacy that was to lead to reestablishment of US relations with China and our consequent acceptance of China's role as a great power and our belief that tension, though not war, between China and Russia was in the American interest.

Out of balance-of-power diplomacy sprang one of the habits that would bedevil US foreign policy during the Kissinger years—the proclivity to project regional situations onto a global scale. Hence during the Bangladesh crisis, Kissinger could not perceive the desirability of abstaining from involvement in the conflict between India and Pakistan; like de Gaulle in his own evaluation of France's role in the Arab-Israeli conflict of 1967, so too did Kissinger misperceive the role of the United States in South Asia; and with much the same effect. Wisdom would have been to remain neutral and so preserve some leverage in the settlement and avoid surrendering influence unnecessarily to the Soviet Union by taking sides. But in the Nixon-Kissinger view of the world, conflicts both internal and external in regional areas are seen, as Asian spe-

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cialist William J. Barnds has put it, "as affecting relations between the major powers whenever these powers are on the opposite side of regional conflicts." Similar reasoning may well have led to Kissinger's policy of supporting covert CIA operations against the freely elected government of Salvador Allende in Chile.

The regional conflict in which the United States was mostly deeply involved, of course, was Vietnam. And here Kissinger sought a solution, not by dealing with the situation on a regional basis but by attempting to involve the Soviet Union in aiding Washington to reach, in Kissinger's words, "an elegant bug-out." The theory of "linkage" was thus most forcefully applied in the settlement of the Indochina conflict. For "linkage" was but another name for what has been described above—that virtually all problems between America and Russia could be linked with other problems to generate leverage in solving them. And so, in the case of Vietnam, America would hold out the reward of trade in return for Soviet pressure on Hanoi to make a deal. When the Soviets couldn't deliver, Kissinger refused to believe them and, as a consequence, escalated the war. It took three more years of war for Kissinger to get the kind of settlement he could probably have obtained in 1970 had he understood the constraints under which the Soviet Union operated in its dealings with North Vietnam. Precisely because of the Sino-Soviet split, Hanoi had great latitude. In the end he had to deal with Hanoi alone but in the meantime the Vietnam war had been widened to include Cambodia where the war still rages, ignored by an American public only too grateful for the withdrawal of American troops from an alien land. The costs of the elegant bug-out, however, are still being paid—both morally and financially.

What we have seen most conspicuously at play in the opening to China, the Vietnam disengagement, and the reactions to Russian-American confrontation on the Asian subcontinent is a fascination with what Kissinger's former Harvard colleague Stanley Hoffmann has called "high politics." In essence what this means is a concern with interstate relations, what was once called "cabinet diplomacy." Strategic questions of great import are the stuff of high politics. Concern with monetary reform, scientific developments, environmental deterioration, resource supply and demand—these are the essence of "low politics," in the special sense Hoffmann has used them. And in the headier days of the Nixon-Kissinger regime low politics seemed to have no place in the making of a gaudy foreign policy where great states remain the central actors on the global stage.

In the exercise of high politics there was no greater priority than that accorded the pursuit of détente with the Soviet Union. But in the very achievements that the policy of détente yielded, there were prices that had to be paid that were apparently either unanticipated or discounted. In concluding the agreements of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks—SALT I—Kissinger was successful in limiting defensive antiballistic missile systems; but in the resolution of the talks, the possibility that both the Soviet Union and the United States would turn their energies to the production of ever more dangerous offensive systems was seen as something that could be settled in the SALT II process. Yet almost two years after SALT I, there has been no successful conclusion of SALT II. While Kissinger's emphasis has been correctly placed on the concept of "strategic sufficiency," his style of personal diplomacy has not facilitated progress toward putting qualitative restraints on offensive weapons and reducing strategic force levels. Advanced technology proceeds on both sides, since the Secretary cannot turn his full attention to the process, and evidently there is no one else capable of pulling off a more comprehensive accord on arms control.

In his search for détente, then, Kissinger may be misconstruing Gen. de Gaulle's prescription of how relations between the Communist and non-Communist worlds should evolve. De Gaulle believed the West should strive first for détente, then for entente and finally for cooperation. In their dealings with the Russians Nixon and Kissinger appear to have been pursuing a policy of entente—which would imply an overarching convergence of US-Soviet interests—rather than détente, a relaxation of tensions that must necessarily proceed on a step-by-step basis. For example the June 1973 meeting between Nixon and Brezhnev at San Clemente, when the two superpowers pledged not to worsen relations with any country so as to provoke nuclear conflict, did not prevent the Soviets from arming and aiding Egypt in the Arab-Israeli war three months later. Thus the Russians, though willing to pursue the logic of détente with respect to certain transactions, were nonetheless unwilling to do so in their Middle Eastern policy. Détente, contrary to what Secretary Kissinger stated in his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on September 19, 1974, *is* divisible.

The apparent inability of Kissinger to perceive the longer term implications of his neglect of low politics may, in the final analysis, prove to be the fatal flaw in his foreign policy.

The financing of the Indochina war, begun by Lyndon Johnson but continued under Nixon, was accomplished largely at the expense of the US balance of payments and a serious weakening of the dollar on international exchanges. This resulted in part in suspension of gold convertibility, two dollar-devaluations, a world of floating currencies and disarray in the monetary system. The inflationary pressures that were building up were further exacerbated by the wheat deal with the Russians in 1972; far better would have

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been a farsighted policy of focusing on cooperation with the grain-producing countries such as Canada and Australia. For the rise in the cost of foodstuffs would add to the other inflationary woes that were beginning to torment the world economy.

Most serious of all was a misreading of the energy crisis. As the British political analyst Alastair Buchan tells it, the Office of Fuels and Energy in the State Department had independently arrived at certain alarming conclusions early in 1973 about an impending oil crisis; so had other agencies of the American government as well as the oil companies. Yet in Buchan's words, "when I inquired at the White House at the end of April 1973—less than six months before the crisis broke—about the implications of their studies, I was told that the White House had not yet begun to focus on an energy problem." He concludes: "A cabal system of government has no early warning system."

No one asks Kissinger to be a soothsayer in addition to his talents as a skilled negotiator. But is it too much to ask that the Secretary of State perceive that, at least in the long if not in the near future, foreign economic policy, *i.e.* low politics, should take a higher priority than traditional diplomatic concerns? Not that politics is obsolete because of the primacy of economics. The world economy is too important to be left to economists. Politics is rightly the motor of economics, and a nation's foreign minister, to be effective, must command a knowledge of or, at best, inform himself of the vital role that economic policy plays in shaping the forces that move nations to triumph or tragedy. In the case of the oil crisis, Kissinger seems to have misunderstood the political will of the Saudis to use the oil weapon against the industrialized West. Moreover, efforts in the wake of the Arab-Israeli war to coordinate energy policies among the great consuming nations were rendered suspect when Washington, in the early days of the energy crisis, proclaimed "Project Independence." Such a pronunciamento could only imply that while this policy might be successful for the United States, our putative allies such as France, West Germany and Japan could not aspire to a share in our energy independence.

Suspicions grew that the United States was once again exhibiting the highly nationalistic reflex it had shown in 1971 when the abrupt surcharge on imports seemed to presage an era of protectionism. Not that the spectacle of a Europe pursuing *sauve-qui-peut* policies toward the Arab oil producers was a pretty spectacle. But allies cannot be bullied if America seeks cooperation rather than capitulation. For Kissinger to term the behavior of the Europeans during the Arab-Israeli conflict as "craven," "contemptible, pernicious" and "jackal-like" in December 1973 was hardly calculated to reassure his allies of the need for concerted policies. A display of temperament and policies that seemed to put US interests ahead of or in conflict with perceived allied interests, would hardly be likely to speed the formation of a consumers' countercartel. However the later efforts made by the Secretary to create a new International Energy Agency among the major oil-importing countries before the end of the year may yet prove a significant step in coping with the oil-producing cartel.

Even in such a matter as the abolition of the Office of Science and Technology in 1973 Washington displayed a shocking lack of awareness of the long-term effects this would have on development of new technologies needed to cope with just such problems as oil and food shortages, declining mineral reserves and a polluted environment. Since Kissinger became Secretary of State there had been no top-level adviser on economic matters until this fall, when an undersecretary of State for economic affairs was finally appointed. One can only hope that the Secretary is a fast learner, for time is running out. When the World Bank estimates that by 1980 the transfer of monetary reserves to nations making up the international oil cartel will reach $650 billion at current oil prices, this can only be seen as a profound shift in power away from the United States (despite its continued economic prowess) and its major allies. In the wake of the US-Soviet wheat deal in October 1972 commodity prices doubled; there would certainly seem to be significant "linkage" between economics and security. But who profits by this knowledge?

A century ago the British Foreign Secretary Lord Palmerston spoke for the realist position: "we have no eternal allies and we have no perpetual enemies. Our interests are eternal and perpetual, and those interests it is our duty to follow." But in the same speech Palmerston went on to explain that the policy of England was also "to be the champion of justice and right: pursuing that course with moderation and prudence, not becoming the Quixote of the world, but giving her moral sanction and support wherever she thinks justice is, and whenever she thinks that wrong has been done." Moral concerns *are* an essential aspect of realism; for realism, if it is to have its true meaning, sees the world whole. But too often the new American foreign policy has not made such concerns evident. While the Wilsonian zeal to remake the world in the American image too often characterized our actions in the era of the Cold War, we must also guard against pursuing a policy in Kissinger's own words, "empty of vision and humanity." Not to transcend the excessively pragmatic can give rise to a policy mired in expediency, with incalculable destructive costs.

Henry Kissinger once wrote in his study of 19th-century diplomacy that "the acid test of a policy, however, is its ability to obtain domestic support." He was wrong. The true test of a foreign policy is not its short-term support but its long-term consequences.

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Strengthening Government To Cope with the Future

by Abe Fortas

During the 60 years of its distinguished history, *The New Republic* has devoted itself to liberal thought and opinion. Usually it has not been difficult for "liberals" to determine the liberal position. The issues have been reasonably clear; the questions have been moderately well defined; and the premises have proceeded smoothly from historic propositions upon which well motivated people could unite.

But as *The New Republic* marks its 60th anniversary, its task is much more complex. Liberalism has won the basic contests—on the ideological level. The great historic struggles for acceptance of traditional liberal principles have been largely won, *mirabile dictu.* Anti-colonialism; racial equality; the entitlement of all people to minimal benefits and to legal and social rights—these are no longer principles around which the battle rages. They have moved from the ideological arena to the battlefield of implementation.

The question is no longer, "Are we committed to these principles?" but rather do we know how to deploy the resources of mind and material necessary to fulfill the promise implicit in the principles.

The answer is not clear. There is sad evidence that the acceptance of the great liberal principles may have exhausted the liberals' storehouse. There is little indication that we have the ideas or the blueprints or the organization to do the job.

We have succeeded in releasing people, here and throughout the world, who have long been unjustly restrained and oppressed; but neither we nor they have discovered how we can all live together. We have recognized that all people are entitled to life, liberty and an opportunity for comfort, dignity and self-fulfillment, but we haven't figured out how we can give this to them, or how we can prevent some of them from using liberty to attack or brutalize others, in recapitulation of the treatment that they received.

We will need new ideas—not merely new techniques — to build a new world from pieces of the old order that we have disrupted. We will need ideas that are great enough in their scope and practical enough to keep pace with the acceleration of destructive events, to shape and structure the wild forces that liberal achievements have unleashed. Our problems are technological, economic, human, social, educational, organizational, moral, esthetic and disciplinary. We must summon all of our intellect, all of our leadership, to the task—and success is by no means assured.

Our duty as people, committed to benevolent ideals, is clear; but our role and capability as a nation are obscure and badly in need of reformulation. We are no longer, if we ever were, masters of the destiny of the world, or even of our own future.

As we enter upon a period of great peril, we should realize that we need strong, effective national government. The challenge of enormously difficult tasks comes to us at a time when we are in massive disarray. Our Congress is in need of fundamental reorganization. It must become a body capable of legislating. It must demonstrate a capability quickly to diagnose needs and to formulate alternatives, to subject issues to prompt analysis and reasonable public debate.

Innovation—new programs—are essential for the difficult world that we face. Either the Congress must develop a capacity which is not now in evidence to innovate and to legislate dynamically, or it must find a way, working with the presidency and the executive branch, to collaborate on mutually acceptable programs. We cannot tolerate a period of negation, of national legislative bankruptcy.

Perhaps we shall be forced to conclude that the built-in tensions between Congress and the presidency make it impossible for us to act with the depth and dispatch that the urgencies of our problems require. Perhaps we shall eventually be compelled to turn to a parliamentary system; but this is long-range in a world in which immediacy is imperative.

The fact is that our institutions and our people are geared to rely upon the leadership of the presidency. It is presidential leadership that has animated our nation in the 30 years of our current revolution; and whether we like it or not the probability is that we shall continue to need a strong presidency.

If I am right about this; if it is improbable that Congress will provide an effective alternative; if we must encourage a strong presidency; we must face the dangers that are involved. We must not allow the sense of relief at our emergence from the Nixon disaster to divert us from the continuing reality of the peril that it dramatized. We are faithless to our trust, we are reckless in the extreme, if we do not heed the lessons of that experience, or if we believe that because Nixon resigned, because our courts functioned and Congress

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was able to conduct respectable investigations, and because we have survived there is no problem to resolve. A runaway presidency is a continuing possibility; and if it occurs again we have no reason to believe that the next assault upon our democratic institutions will be abortive. Next time there will be no tape recordings, and the dirty work will not be entrusted to Keystone cops.

We need, in my view, to take account of the lessons of the current debacle of our system, and to proceed to provide against its recurrence. We need to provide a better mechanism than we now have to assure presidential accountability, and we need to provide a means by which, if the office of President becomes vacant, the successor will be elected by the people and not appointed. Specifically:

1) We need an alternative to impeachment proceedings to remove a President or Vice President. Rep. Edith Green of Oregon has proposed a joint resolution to amend the Constitution that seems to me to be well designed for this purpose. It provides that a special election shall be called for President and Vice President if the House and the Senate, by two-thirds vote of each (perhaps 60 percent would be preferable), shall enact a resolution that the President has failed or refused faithfully to execute the laws; or has willfully exceeded his powers; or has caused or willfully permitted the rights of citizens to be trespassed upon. The special election would be federally financed and would be held within 90 days; and the incumbent President and Vice President would be eligible to be candidates.

This plan has the following advantages: it avoids the procedural difficulties of impeachment, its implications are not as devastating, it does not bar the President from reelection, nor does it disqualify the President from any future position of public honor or trust. It does not require a trial of the President on charges; but it makes it necessary for the House and Senate to find specific and limited grounds for calling the special election. It makes possible a complete change in executive leadership by requiring a special election for both President and Vice President even if only the President is at fault. And finally it remits the ultimate judgment as to whether the President is to continue in office to the people.

2) We must not tolerate a continuation of the constitutional provisions by which the man serving as our President may be appointed and not elected. If the elected President or Vice President ceases to serve as such, his successor should be chosen in a special election. The Vice President should not be designated by the President, subject to approval by the House and the Senate.

Initially, under our Constitution, the Vice President was the candidate for the presidency who received the second largest number of electoral votes. In 1804 we adopted the 12th Amendment, which provided that the Vice President would be specifically nominated and separately elected. Inevitably this led to the present situation in which Vice Presidents are not, in fact, nominated or elected by the voters, but are designated by the presidential nominees—usually for ticket balancing or as part of a deal.

In 1967 we compounded the undemocratic process by providing, in the 25th Amendment, that the President shall fill a vacancy in the office of Vice President, with the concurrence of a simple majority of each House of the Congress.

As a result of the 25th Amendment Gerald Ford became President of the United States, without election by the people, to serve over two and a half years as our Chief Executive. And President Ford is in the process of selecting and qualifying *his* possible successor by the same nondemocratic procedures.

We should put an end to this process. It is anomalous that while on so many fronts we are moving toward vesting greater power in the people, we are tolerating machinery by which the presidency may, at critical times in our history, be an appointive office. If the office of Vice President becomes vacant substantially in advance of the expiration of his term, his successor should be chosen in a special election. If the office of President becomes vacant the Vice President should act as President only until the successor President is elected and qualifies.

I would also change the constitutional provisions concerning the duties of the Vice President. I would make it possible for him to be something more than an unemployed standby. The Vice President should not preside at the sessions of the Senate, as the Constitution now provides. He should be an executive official, entirely; and he should be available for such full-time executive responsibilities as the President may delegate to him, including the responsibility of head of a department such as the Department of State. Hopefully this would permit the President to delegate some of his excessive duties to the Vice President, and it would also make it possible to give the Vice President some useful work to do.

My point is that we are in urgent need of effective, innovative governmental action to save ourselves and, within our capabilities, to help others. Fundamental to this is the strengthening of our governmental machinery. A Congress capable of legislating, a Congress equipped not merely to investigate and negate, a Congress able to act decisively, promptly and imaginatively, is essential. So is a strong presidency; but it must be a presidency that is responsible and accountable. Strength and accountability in the presidency are not mutually exclusive. On the contrary accountability may strengthen the presidency by restoring mutual trust and emphasizing the need for the kind of collaboration between the President and the Congress that our Constitution was designed to provide.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Absurd Person Singular

(Music Box)

Alan Ayckbourn has been trumpeted as the Neil Simon of England. Untrue. Neil Simon is a master of middlebrow, smart-cracking social comedy, a manufacturer of character comment that probes just enough to make us laugh indulgently and like ourselves a wee bit more. To judge by *Absurd Person Singular*, the first Ayckbourn play produced here, he has no such interest. (He has had several other big London successes besides this one.) *Singular* shows him to be much more the Mack Sennett of England—50 percent of Sennett, anyway.

Ayckbourn calls his play a comedy, but it is farce; and essentially it is not theater farce, it is film slapstick. The great farces of Feydeau and Courteline and Pinero are complicated machines of egocentric desire in monochromatic characters, people who desperately want something or other and bump violently into or frantically evade or breathlessly deceive others. Ayckbourn makes no such machine. His characters are monochrome, all right, but few of them *want* anything very much: they just behave in certain ways that are sharply and quickly defined. One wife is a compulsive housecleaner who has an addiction to cleaning, no matter whose house she's in. Another wife is a compulsive, socially pretending drinker. And so on. The result is a series of situations that lead to physical complications that lead to more physical complications. The play is so much like a series of Sennett set-ups that it could very easily be played completely silent with 15 or 20 subtitles.

Ayckbourn understands the secret of this kind of laugh-building. Each of his nests of structures begins with an action that is perfectly credible for its doer and then proceeds perfectly logically: the comedy comes from the fact that this logic has nothing to do with the logic of the other people. For instance, a husband angrily sends his wife out to buy the soda she forgot to get for the party going on inside in the living room. They are both anxious that the guests—business big-shots whom they are eager to impress—should not know of the lapse. The wife goes out the kitchen door, into pouring rain, with raincoat and big hat and boots, her evening dress underneath. When she returns the kitchen door is locked, and she hovers outside the window like a wet ghost, ducking when one of the guests comes in from the living room. Finally she has to go in the front door pretending to be someone else until she can get to the kitchen and change. She has behaved perfectly logically according to her pattern: that pattern simply has nothing to do with what the others, or we, would call sensible.

The three acts are three Christmas Eve parties with the same three couples (and one couple who never appear), each party in the home of a different couple. It's suburbia, but there's no more attempt at suburban satire than is inescapable, in our culture, in merely choosing the setting. The charms of these bourgeoisie remain discreet. The first act is in a climbing couple's kitchen, with the guests leaking in from off stage (an eccentric device previously used by Wolfgang Bauer in *Party for Six*). The second act is in the home of a philandering incompetent architect and the wife he is driving batty. The third act is in the home of a moldering middle-aged banking couple. During the play the first couple get prosperous, the second have domestic turbulence, the third molder more as the wife boozes more, but none of this is closely related to or caused by the action of the play we see.

Except for the batty wife's non-suicide. Her attempts to self-destruct are the basis of the funniest act, the second, in her home. The laughs come from the fact that no one—except her husband, the cause of her trouble, who has gone to chase down a doctor—understands how neurotic she is or what she is trying to do. She just moves mute and doggedly doomed through their busy chattering incomprehension. She leaves a suicide note on a table: someone else, who needs a scrap of paper to write something on, grabs it and turns it over to use the other side. She sticks her head in the oven preparatory to turning on the gas: the compulsive housecleaner friend thinks she's worried about the dirtiness of the stove and immediately helps out by cleaning it. The neurotic stands on a table to hang herself from a light fixture and pulls off the socket; the banker thinks she's trying to repair the fixture and climbs up on the table to help. By the time the distraught husband returns, everything has proceeded to a point, with strict logic, entirely disconnected from the point at which he left.

As hinted above, most of the dialogue itself is quite unfunny. Ayckbourn almost seems to flirt with the idea of an Ionesco-like barrage of banalities, which may be the source of the "absurd" in his title, but the dialogue never quite gets to that level of self-knowledge. If this play were not well *done*, it would be worse than unfunny, it would be embarrassing.

But it is well done indeed, which brings us to the other 50 percent of Mack Sennett, the director. (Sennett wrote *and* directed his films.) Eric Thompson has got the shortest end of any stick that I've seen in a long time. His name occurs in most reviews of *Singular* in a subordinate clause about the direction near the end. I speak strictly proportionately but quite seriously when I say that Thompson's contribution to *Singular* is no less than Peter Brook's to *Marat/Sade*. I never expected to see such good farce playing again on our stage. I have seen all of these six actors before, some of them many times, so I know how much Thompson has done with them.

Ayckbourn himself may have helped: he has been an actor and he directs the

(continued on page 49)

Films Worth Seeing

Antonia. A good one-hour documentary about a splendid woman—Antonia Brico—an orchestral conductor before the world wanted women in the job. (See *I. F. Stone* below.)

Amarcord. Two and one-quarter hours of exquisite lyric. Fellini's funny-touching poem about his home town in the 1930s.

I. F. Stone's Weekly. A good one-hour documentary about a journalist passionate for truth. (Now on a double bill with *Antonia.*)

Scenes from a Marriage. Bergman's man-woman inquiry, cramped out of its original six-part TV form, still masterly. Liv Ullmann superb.

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The Peculiar Institution Again

Roll, Jordan, Roll
The World the Slaves Made
by Eugene D. Genovese

(Pantheon; $17.50)

Eugene Genovese's latest work is, on the one hand, a brilliant and comprehensive study of Afro-American and Southern history, and, on the other, an indispensable, but analytically disappointing study of the institution of slavery.

He describes his goal, very modestly, as an effort to "tell the story of slave life as carefully and accurately as possible." Taking him at his word, there can be no doubt that he has performed this task with great distinction. The culture and social organization of blacks in the antebellum South, "their struggle to survive spiritually as well as physically," has been crying out, since the pioneer work of Du Bois in the early part of this century, to be treated by a modern historian of Genovese's caliber.

With the cultural empathy, acumen and intuitive flair that mark a major historical talent, Genovese has done great intellectual justice to an astonishingly neglected area of American history. No aspect of the lives of the slaves escapes his scrutiny; nothing his lively intellect touches remains obscure. If depth and originality are sometimes sacrificed for comprehensiveness, as in his discussion of the slaves' music, language and patterns of resistance, these are minor and forgivable faults when compared with the richness and profundity of his analysis of slave religion or, in the area where he is at his best, the interpersonal relations that were central to the system.

As in the work of Stanley Elkins, as well as Robert Fogel and Stanley Engerman before him, the slaves, at last, occupy center stage in a study of the antebellum South, rather than the masters or "the system." But unlike Elkins' approach, this is a scrupulously fair, multidimensional account of what happened, not a stimulating, but flawed exercise in psychohistorical speculation. And, unlike the frigid empiricism of *Time on the Cross*' cliometricians, Genovese brings human beings back into the picture, making them believable and real in their fears, their passions, their weaknesses and strengths, their frolic and sorrows, their shame and their all-too-human contradictions.

But however much the early Marxist dialectics have vanished, their memory kept alive in this work only by occasionally redundant if fashionable quotations from the redoubtable Gransci, it is impossible for the Genovese of *The Political Economy of Slavery* and *In Red and Black*, simply to tell a "story." Underlying the account is a powerfully argued thesis. The Old South "created a historically *unique* kind of paternalistic society." This paternalism mediated between the potential cleavages of race and caste that threatened to tear the South apart. As a mechanism of social integration and control, it succeeded astonishingly well in welding together all the elements of the system, especially masters and slaves, both of whom accepted its dictates, enjoyed its rewards and suffered its consequences.

Courtesy The Forum Gallery — *Charles White*

For whites it meant the creation of an aristocratic ethic with inflated notions of duty and responsibility. Its benign side led them to the reform of the slave system, resulting in its unique pattern of material and social security by the 19th century. Its malignant side was reflected in the travesty it made of white Southerners' sense of justice, the twisted nature of their individualism, the obscenity of their power lust, and the brutality and violence with which they insisted on the acquiescence of everyone, black and white, beneath them.

For slaves it meant unprecedented material comfort, relative to the slaves of other systems, or even the contemporary European working class. But the price they paid for this was accommodation, indignity and the perpetual surrender of their desire for freedom. The question then is this: did they pay this price? Genovese struggles valiantly, with all the formidable historical skills at his command, to argue the case for the slaves' ultimate preservation of their dignity. But in the end he only explains their acquiescence; he fails to persuade us of its necessity.

The house servants, the drivers, the mechanics, the free Negroes, the mammies, the mulattoes, the black soldiers and the mass of field Negroes who pass through these pages I find, as a class, morally degraded and utterly wanting in their reluctance to resist, even when the system was crumbling around them. They chose devious paths to salve their battered egos, and evolved a limited creed—indulgently pedestrian and immediate in its concerns, lacking in prophetic idealism, a total betrayal of the profound eschatology and heroic ideals of their African ancestors.

This is not to say that the slaves culture that was impressive in its expressive component—music, dance, lore and interpersonal style—and, contrary to the popular view, the nuclear family and male authority remained intact. But even on this purely sociological level, the cultural system they created was singularly lacking in range, flexibility and dynamic adaptability. It was not a heritage to be passed on. Like their moral compromises, this was a social adaptation with no potential for

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change, a total adjustment to the demands of plantation life and the authoritarian dictates of their masters. Throughout the book Genovese claims that slave culture formed the basis of a modern black nation, but he never demonstrates this assertion, and the very thoroughness of his analysis of the adaptation of the slave culture—which allows us to draw our own conclusions—suggests otherwise. A people, to deserve the respect of their descendants, must do more than merely survive spiritually and physically. There is no intrinsic virtue in survival, no virtue in the reflexes of a cornered rat.

Genovese clearly places himself in the tradition of historical scholarship that sees history as something more than a mere narrative of past events. The historian makes moral and causal judgments about his subject. Genovese readily passes judgment, and invariably his insights are acute. Yet in the central moral question of his work, he equivocates: did the slaves have to pay the moral price they did?

His failure to answer this question takes us to the second critical stance from which we may appraise this work—as a study of the institution of slavery. There seems now to be two Genoveses. There is the early, theoretically agile Genovese who asked all the right questions about US slavery, but gave too many wrong answers. Sobered by his positivist critics—especially in their body blow to his precapitalist theory of the Southern economy which Fogel and Engerman have recently put to rest, though it is doggedly rephrased here as "pre-industrial economy"—a new Genovese has emerged, one who gives all the right answers but, too often, fails to ask the right questions.

Like Elkins, Genovese makes the great mistake of claiming that the paternalism of the South was "unique." This is most decidedly not the case. What I found remarkable as I read this work was the similarity of the master-slave relationship in all slave systems—Greek, Roman, Medieval, Caribbean and Hispanic.

Thus paternalism explains nothing, causally, about the dynamics of Southern US slavery. It is, in fact, part of what is to be explained. Two questions therefore still remain with us. One: the reasons for the slaves' acquiescence. Two: the factors accounting for the structural pecularities of the antebellum South as a slave system. The two questions are closely allied.

Genovese could have approached this problem in two ways. He could have made more use of the comparative literature which, on the basis of his references, he clearly commands; and though it pains me to say this, he could have treated his subject more historically. Though never as blatantly as Fogel and Engerman, Genovese has fallen into the trap of substituting a cross-sectional analysis of the last 30 or so years of slavery for 250 years of the institution. The early, neo-Marxist Genovese would never have made such a mistake. He would have recognized that his analysis of paternalism was purely functional and, to that extent, limited.

Though it is not for me to say, I strongly suspect that a more dynamic analysis of the entire course of US slavery would have highlighted the structural preconditions for the dramatic changes that came about in the post-revolutionary era, and might have explained more about the excessive adaptation of the US slaves to the system. And a better use of the comparative data on slavery would have indicated that other slaves, caught within a paternalistic ethos, made less morally and culturally crushing compromises.

But let me not end on a negative note. As a historical narrative, as a sensitive functional analysis of a major region and period of American society in general, and the Afro-American community in particular, *Roll, Jordan, Roll* is without modern peer, and will certainly become an indispensable source for all scholars interested in these problems. And it is a tribute to Genovese's intellectual honesty and masterly scholarship that we are able to draw conclusions from his rich and vivid portrayal that differ radically from his own.

Orlando Patterson

ORLANDO PATTERSON *is professor of sociology, Harvard University, and author of, most recently,* Die the Long Day *(Morrow).*

Worn-out Tale

On Doing Time
by Morton Sobell
(Scribners; $8.95)

Those under 30 may have difficulty recalling who Morton Sobell is. Sobell was the third defendant in the Rosenberg trial, a hapless also-ran who seemingly got 30 years for conspiracy to commit espionage because he was sitting in the same courtroom with the Rosenbergs. He was apparently led unresisting to the slaughter by his attorney's incredible ineptness and his own passivity—he "did not have enough energy" to oppose their stupidities. He brought no witnesses and never took the stand in his own defense. Now, 23 years too late, he tells his story.

Martyrdom does not make a writer, and Sobell is no stylist. His account is curiously incomplete and passionless, as though he had been charged with telling a worn-out tale that no longer mattered very much. He seems more intellectually offended by the fate that overtook him than outraged, chewing steadily round the edges of the case, pointing out triumphantly the irrationalities and injustices of the trial as they pertained to him (he says very little about the bulk of the evidence against his friends the Rosenbergs), enjoying the vindication of a logical man who can demonstrate after it's all over just where his opponents erred.

Yet this rather plodding quality gives his book considerable interest as a document in the case. With the sound and fury stilled, the Rosenberg case emerges in a new perspective. It becomes an absurd drama with real deaths, "The Emperor's New Clothes," as retold by the author of "The Lottery." Its horror lies in the furious inanity that sent two people to death and a third to prison for 30 years.

Sobell was swept into the trial by a casual sideswipe of the federal whirlwind. A sort of small extra attraction in the conspiracy-law package deal, he was never accused of the theft of atom secrets. He was indicted for "five conversations with Julius Rosenberg"—

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which the prosecution subsequently made no effort to prove—and convicted essentially on the word of one "cooperating" witness, Max Elitcher, a classmate at CCNY whose friendship with Sobell had cooled over the years. (The Sobells didn't like Elitcher's wife.)

Elitcher testified eagerly that when the two were roommates in Washington in the '30s, Sobell had recruited him for the Young Communist League. "At this time do you recall what the situation was in respect to the Hitler-Stalin pact?" asked the prosecutor with heavy cunning. The judge decided the question was perfectly proper.

Elitcher swore that Rosenberg, another classmate, had tried to recruit him for espionage and Sobell had repeatedly tried to pump him about his work for the Navy Department, both cheerfully refusing to take no for an answer from their old friend in Washington. Elitcher also managed to recall that Julius had told him Sobell was supplying "classified material" from the Reeves Instrument Company in New York, thereby tying Sobell to the "conspiracy." At the time, Elitcher faced a possible 10 years for falsely swearing he had never been a Communist on federal employment affidavits. However a benevolent government decided not to prosecute.

Elitcher's picture of Sobell the Walt Disney spy was of a piece with the other evidence, his "flight to avoid prosecution." In 1950, with McCarthy on the rampage, the Sobells pulled out for Mexico. Both the Sobells had also falsified non-Communist oaths, and they thought it was only a matter of time before the FBI caught up with them. Sobell flapped around Mexico like a dazzled moth; his effort to get his family to Europe without passports consisted of collecting brochures from all the travel agents in Mexico City and taking a bus to Vera Cruz to wander around the docks. On this feckless odyssey, he used such impenetrable pseudonyms as Morty Sowell, Morris Sand, Marvin Salt, and Morton Solt. ("Dolt might have been more appropriate," he comments.) At the trial, a parade of Mexican airline agents and hotel clerks solemnly testified to his efforts to conceal his identity.

On August 16, 1950, the Sobells were kidnapped from their apartment at gunpoint by the Mexican police, threatened, slapped around, and driven pell-mell to the border, where they were dumped into the arms of the FBI. Officially the Sobells were "deported from Mexico," and Sobell's attorneys, who seem to have had a displaced death-wish, decided not to raise the kidnapping as a legal issue.

Sobell spent over 19 years, from the day of the kidnapping, in prison, the first five on Alcatraz for his refusal to "cooperate." There he carried on an elaborate masturbatory love affair through letters to his wife, studied *Scientific American*, absorbed the small, pointless cruelties visited on the inmates, and repaired the prison's antiquated electrical gear.

From his own account, Sobell appears to be a basically passive and ineffectual man, more interested in his wife and in "elegant" solutions to engineering problems than in politics, one whose radicalism became more a matter of habit and habitat than of passionate conviction. His recollections of being young, poor and naive at CCNY in the '30s are the most interesting parts of the book. With his almost hereditary faith in overturning the system, Sobell seems to have been astonished to immobility when it turned on him.

None of this, of course, allows us to deduce whether he was in fact innocent or guilty. It may be that he (and more likely the Rosenbergs, about whom he is reticent), did try to get on the right side of history by fumbling trivia to the Russians. What is certain is that Sobell got legal short shrift, elaborately and hypocritically prolonged through doomed appeals, and that the whole case is the most grisly (though not the only) example of government overkill in our times. The federal mountain brought forth a mouse of a conspiracy, declared it a mastodon, and then crushed it with righteous pomp.

The Soviets, who knew better than prosecutor Saypol or Judge Kaufman how nuclear capability is obtained, must have laughed to see such sport. Sobell's book is a reminder, the more frightening for being so ordinary, of how maniacally jealous a god any government can be when the mass of citizens want to think of themselves as good children.

Sara Sanborn

SARA SANBORN *is a free-lance writer and an amateur of the Rosenberg case.*

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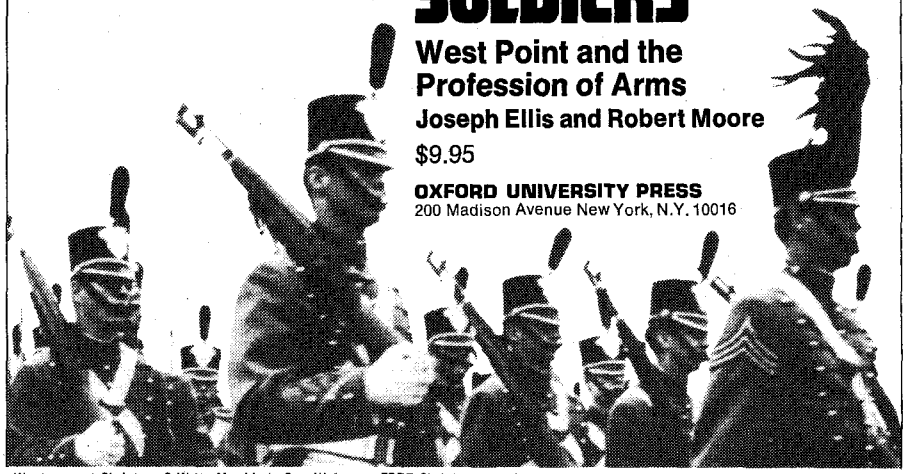

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Candid, Thoughtful Account

War and Presidential Power by Thomas F. Eagleton

(Liveright; $8.95)

Books by politicians are inevitably suspect. One anticipates that they will be ghost written, self-serving pap, suitable for purchase through book clubs. Thomas Eagleton's *War and Presidential Power,* subtitled *A Chronicle of Congressional Surrender,* pictures him as an embattled statesman, but at the same time, it is a thoughtful volume, albeit flawed, and worthy of general attention.

The book is divided into two parts, the first a well-written and perceptive history on the growth of the presidential warmaking power, the second a chronology and critique of the 1973 War Powers Act. The division of the volume is explained by its having been started in 1970 as an attempt to stimulate the American people into demanding a restoration of congressional prerogatives. Eagleton does not see the act as a restoration; his assessment of it is that in providing "a blank check for ninety-day presidential wars" the act was "the culmination of an era of congressional surrender." The last chapters explain how an attempt to exercise the collective congressional muscle turned into a legislative giveaway.

One might quibble with some details of the early chapters. Lincoln's usurpation of power during the first weeks of the Civil War is glided over. Eagleton differentiates Lincoln from Vietnam-era Presidents by the former's subsequent request for congressional ratification of his acts. The real difference between Lincoln's unilateral actions and the Vietnam bombings or the Cambodian invasion, however, lies in morality and the verdict of history. Johnson and Nixon asked for continuous ratification in the form of appropriations and, until July of 1973, invariably got them. Nevertheless such questionable interpretations barely detract from the high quality of Eagleton's historical overview and the candor of his account.

Turning to the early 20th century, he explores the use made by commercial interests of Wilsonian "ennobling unselfishness" to justify an expansive American imperialism, and condemns "the discrepancy between Wilsonian rhetoric and performance" in Latin America and the Caribbean. During the century's first few decades, he notes, presidential power to deploy troops was exercised primarily against nations too small to resist, with Congress becoming "accustomed to thinking of the Caribbean as an American lake." The Vietnam experience thus becomes updated precedent in a new locale.

Dedicating part of his book to FDR does not prevent Eagleton from deploring the price of the "affirmation of presidential omnipotence" exacted as "the consequence of Roosevelt's taking upon himself powers that he did not possess." It is refreshing to find a Democratic politician challenging the post-New Deal party line that since FDR could do no wrong his continued expansion of presidential power should be ignored. Eagleton sees Truman's control over the atom bomb as the genesis of the "myth of superiority of presidential decision-making" and the concept of "the tough and lonely choices made by one man who occupied the White House." The resolutions on Taiwan, the Middle East and Cuba docilely adopted by Congress at the behest of Eisenhower and Kennedy are viewed as having "led us inexorably toward the nadir of congressional responsibility."

The nadir, of course, was Vietnam. Eagleton presents a competent capsule history of the incremental American involvement, describing the role of John Foster Dulles, the consequences of Kennedy's "bits-and-pieces strategy," and the impact of Johnson's unprepared elevation to the presidency with his attendant compulsion to make quick policy decisions. Although Eagleton blames Johnson for the "atmosphere of rather contrived urgency" during Tonkin, here as elsewhere his strongest criticism is reserved for the Congress that will not fill its constitutional mandate: "Any reading of the Tonkin Gulf debate will reveal the tendency on the part of members of Congress to assume that in military matters the President is more likely to be right than anyone else."

The heroes of the tale are those who, along with Eagleton, took to the corridors and floor of Congress in an attempt to reassert legislative power. The chapters concerning negotiations over the wording of and gathering of votes for various antiwar resolutions are disappointing. Legislators are portrayed more as statesmen than politicians, with all personalities and passions somehow omitted. Nonetheless, the account is worth reading for its description of the key role of John Stennis in fashioning the war powers bill and for Eagleton's blaming Congress' ultimate unwillingness to act for the Cambodian incursion, the decline of presidential popularity following Watergate, the on-again-off-again Kissinger peace, and the signing of the Southeast Asia treaty. The Saturday night massacre was merely the final impetus. After having fought for passage of the war powers bill, however, Eagleton was forced by the provision of a 90-day period in which the President is free to wage virtually any war of his choosing, to vote against it. Congress finally could not bring itself to confront presidential usurpation of power in any but the most token fashion, and in its tokenism it validated a presidential power that had no previous specific legitimacy.

If one accepts Eagleton's conclusion that passage of the bill amounted to congressional self-emasculation, the question is then, what can now be done? Here, unfortunately, Eagleton runs out of steam. His answer is that Congress must somehow assert itself and the people must somehow support its attempts to do so. Throughout the second half of the book, however, Eagleton portrays a Congress and an electorate firmly convinced of presidential infallibility in matters of war. If Americans could retain that pious faith throughout the conflagration of Vietnam, it is difficult to imagine the circumstances that would cause them to relinquish it. Eagleton's vague call to constitutionalism is not enough.

Eagleton fails to recognize that the growth of the presidential warmaking power is merely the most extreme and questionable aspect of a more general decline in congressional power and a concomitant burgeoning of the presidential mystique. Even if there were a real war powers bill, would Congress ever say no to a President who claimed the existence of an emergency requiring troop deployment? Perhaps the most useful aspect of the book is Eagleton's implicit assertion that Congress is

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not at the mercy of a presidency-bedazzled constituency but is itself sufficiently bedazzled to have lost sight of its constitutional primacy. Congressional reassertion of power over war-making cannot develop unless Congress first demonstrates a generalized desire to participate meaningfully in the governing process. What is required is an altered congressional self-image; Pennsylvania Avenue must become a two-way street.

Popular reaction to the televised House Judiciary Committee impeachment hearings has fortunately surprised some legislators into viewing themselves as more than political hacks; there is now some hope that they may begin exercising responsibility. Recent congressional action institutionalizing participation in the budgetary process and reforming internal procedures, as well as what may prove to be more than minimal campaign financing legislation and strong proposals from the Senate Special Committee on the Termination of the National Emergency, may mean a change in the concept of presidential omnipotence.

The growth of executive power in all technological societies indicates that a restoration of legislative supremacy is impossible and perhaps undesirable. There can, however, be an insistence on a restoration of balance, and both symbol and substance would be aided by a reduction in quiescent congressional acceptance of presidential power.

In spite of recent developments, it nevertheless remains highly questionable whether the American electorate, which often comports itself like a people in search of a king, and the American Congress will demand a return to democracy. Their early embrace of Ford has scarcely been wiped out by their current disillusionment; they have simply discovered that Ford's not The One. During Ford's first presidential appearance before Congress, the microphones caught Carl Albert apologizing to him for having inadvertently addressed him by his first name instead of his newly acquired title. The vignette seemed democracy upended. Addressing the President by his first name might be the kind of seemingly insignificant step that would enable Congress to perceive itself as a partner instead of a handmaiden.

Philippa Strum

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Liberal Dilemma

The Real America
by Ben Wattenberg
(Doubleday; $10)

Ben Wattenberg's new book is bound to produce controversy about the validity of his conclusion that America experienced significant economic, social and racial progress in the '60s and early '70s.

Undoubtedly Wattenberg sometimes overstates his argument in an effort to convey optimism on how America fared during the '60s. At one point he finds it necessary to cite a defense of the ugly, fast-food "strip cities" of McDonald hamburger stands and Pizza Huts. These may be "garish and noisy," he writes, but they are also "vibrant, humming and active." And they liberate women from cooking so they can "attend a League of Women Voters meeting . . . or plant an azalea bush."

I hope, however, that the inevitable debate as to whether Wattenberg is overly sanguine about the past—especially his controversial chapter depicting dramatic economic progress by many blacks during the '60s—does not obscure his critical insight concerning the tactical dilemma facing the liberal movement today. If the objective of liberalism is to mobilize a political majority in favor of social change, especially changes offering special help for the poor and disadvantaged, then the question remains whether that majority can best be forged by the politics of pessimism and crisis or the politics of optimism and coalition-building.

Wattenberg appears to have a good deal of fun deriding the members of what he repeatedly calls the Failure and Guilt Complex which, he suggests, exhibits masochistic pleasure in the rhetoric of failure. The truth is that many liberals, especially those associated with the New Politics, McCarthy-McGovern wing of the Democratic party, have put forth much crisis rhetoric in recent years, a result of sincere conviction that America faces serious social and economic problems requiring drastic action. But it is also true that this emphasis on the negative reflects a basic tactical choice: the best means of persuading conservative Americans to accept major change is to convince them that the crises of our time demand nothing less.

This crisis-oriented strategy presents for the liberal movement a dilemma that depends on making a case for tomorrow's liberal programs by proving the failure of yesterday's liberal programs. Or, as Wattenberg says: "In a nutshell, say the liberals, 'We have failed; let us continue.'"

The alternative strategy is to emphasize the positive, to make a case that the liberal programs of the '60s were to a great extent vindicated by the 1970 and subsequent census statistics. Says Wattenberg:

> *Now a decade later we look back at the [liberal] rhetoric, we look back at the [liberal] legislation and we see*—results. *The Census and other statistical indices of our time show an America on the move, an America that, in particular, has given a better deal to the poor and the black—just what our rhetoric and legislation said it would do.*

To Wattenberg, this latter strategy makes better sense for liberals who want to build a progressive majority in the '70s. On the volatile issue of race, for example, he argues the counterproductivity of liberals' emphasizing the stereotype of blacks in America "as living in

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pathological slums, in rat-infested dwellings, in a self-perpetuating welfare culture, dropouts from school. . . ." Rather, he says, liberal politicians ought to be saying:

> *Blacks have earned their way into the middle class, they have gone to school, they have moved from slums, they are well employed—now be fair and give them the same chance as whites. A movement for middle-class whites to be fair to middle-class blacks has a chance; the appeal for middle-class whites to play Lord and Lady Bountiful to lower-class blacks is neither a happy nor a productive relationship for either group.*

Once the liberal rhetorician chooses such an approach, he will find his political philosophy is based upon a number of new premises. One is that the country is not inherently hostile to traditional liberalism. A majority is prepared to be persuaded that Lyndon Johnson's Great Society programs achieved important gains for the poor and the dispossessed. Another is that a progressive political coalition can be created but only if liberals find a way to deal with problems of common interest to the middle and lower classes. Coalitions of diverse interest groups can only be constructed if areas of common interest, more important than areas of difference, can be identified.

There is no dearth of such coalitionist issues available to liberal politicians—inflation, jobs, health care, and especially narcotics and crime, the latter adversely affecting poor blacks in the inner city at least as much, if not more, than middle-income whites. Can liberals learn how to articulate such issues effectively?

Abandoning the vocabulary of the Failure and Guilt Complex may be difficult for a lot of us who are accustomed to living off the language of gloom and crisis. Having to use such phrases as the "decency vote" rather than "alienated Archie Bunkers" may shock liberal-movement rhetoricians.

I remember when Bob Shrum, Sen. Muskie's speechwriter in the 1972 presidential campaign, showed me a draft of a speech which Muskie ultimately delivered at the New York Liberal party dinner in October 1971. The speech began: "We meet tonight in a time of failure of American liberalism. You can see the failure everywhere in this city and across the country." I was delighted to read that speech. I told Shrum I thought it was the best speech Muskie would ever give. As it turned out, Muskie received a standing ovation from the large crowd of New York liberals.

Now, having read Wattenberg's book and done some thinking on the tactical dilemma facing liberals which he has described, I have to wonder, why did I like that speech so much? Why did Muskie get a standing ovation from a group of people he just informed were all failures?

Perhaps it's time for liberal politicans to try another approach, to try to create a progressive majority coalition in the country based not on the language of guilt and failure but on positive programs—even if it means putting some of their speechwriters through a bit of cold turkey.

Lanny J. Davis

LANNY J. DAVIS *is author of* The Emerging Democratic Majority: Lessons and Legacies from the New Politics *(Stein & Day).*

Recent, Notable Fiction

The Messengers Will Come No More by Leslie A. Fiedler

(Stein & Day; $8.95)

Middle aged, and having to his credit a substantial body of publications, Leslie Fiedler can no longer lay claim to the title of *enfant terrible* of American letters. After all as the dust jacket of his new novel somewhat smugly notes, *Love and Death in the American Novel* "is now being taught by the same people who were originally outraged by it." Yet even if he has moved perilously close to membership in the literary establishment Fiedler has shown little evidence of losing his refreshing talent for slaying dragons and tilting at windmills, his instinct for the jugular and the provocative.

So what is most surprising about *The Messengers Will Come No More* is that it is *not* provocative. It is dull. It works neither as fiction nor as polemic. As one of Fiedler's admirers who is occasionally vexed by him but usually pleased by his determined pugnacity, I cannot fathom his reasons for writing it, nor can I recommend reasons for reading it.

The novel is set in the year 2500 AD. The old order has collapsed: the world has split into 7350 states, more than half of which are "gynocracies of one kind or another." In one of those role reversals characteristic of science fiction, females hold males in subjugation; in a further role reversal, white males are especially prized by black females for their sexual prowess, and are raised in controlled conditions to service these females sexually.

One of these men is the narrator, Jacob Mindyson, an archaeologist. Now 50, he has outlived his sexual usefulness to one wife and two mistresses (though *he*, in the circumstances, would seem to have been the mistress), and has been cast into the desert of what was once Palestine. There he pursues his studies "in the culture of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries," digging away in search of buried artifacts.

Presently, while in the course of these studies, Jacob is visited by three personages (or robots: it's not exactly clear) whom he identifies as "Meta-Technicians." They have had a vision of sorts, in which has been revealed to them the existence of ancient scrolls containing a "secret" that will, they believe, liberate them and send them "to the *Stars!*" They challenge Jacob to go out into the Negev and find the parchment: "because only you will be able to read it, archaeologist. And, as always, a talent is an obligation."

Jacob goes, and finds the two scrolls, written, beginning in four AD, by one Eliezar ben Yaakov ha-Kohen, "Arch-Priest of Israel"; the two recount "the story of the Founder of Christianity as seen by Eliezar." Jacob's translation of

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them occupies 62 of the novel's 216 pages; another 16 pages are taken up by a "Glossary of Unfamiliar Names and Terms," compiled by Jacob to unlock the mysteries of Christianity and Judaism for 26th-century readers.

The scrolls are a jumble of theological invention, the Gospel According to Fiedler, as it were. Whether Fiedler has assembled them as satire or as solemn biblical revision is difficult to determine. Whatever the case the explanation they offer for the birth, death and resurrection of Christ is kinky, to say the least, as is the prose in which they are written. It fluctuates wildly between the biblical and the scatological, with the Arch-Priest spending an inordinate amount of time contemplating what he calls, with nice priestly delicacy, "fucking."

And what, after translating and pondering the scrolls, does Jacob conclude as he lies dying in the desert?:

> *I am convinced finally that there is nothing special in my prosaic case. Every man must die, like me, deserted by all, yet ground down between the hammer and anvil of Male and Female, by which we were forged in the beginning. Not just heroes, as the Greeks believed, but all mortals, as the Jews knew, are destroyed in the War of Egg against Seed: mother against father, before we are even ourselves; then mother against son, girl against boy, wife against husband, daughter against father. And when we are dead, our daughters continue it against our sons; until with the first grandchild, the cycle is ready to begin all over again. Yet at the heart of the division and strife, we remain forever* alone. *There is no other way.*

That, alas, is all too typical of the unexpected banalities one encounters on page after page of *The Messengers Will Come No More.*

The setting of the novel is no less clichéd than the rhetoric. By putting females in charge, by making white males the objects of sexual envy ("the legendary bigness and hardness of White Males"), Fielder merely pulls a convenient switch on contemporary realities and fantasies—a switch clearly designed to be a commentary as well, but a singularly facile one.

I wish Fiedler hadn't committed this book—or at least hadn't committed it to publication. If it worked as fiction, or if it worked as polemic, the weaknesses of

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the one could be excused by the strengths of the other. But it fails in both regards, and it hardly seems likely to fulfill the dust jacket's tentative prediction that "this book may evoke as much commotion in Academia as did *Love and Death in the American Novel.*" If it does "evoke" [sic] any commotion, it will be commotion of a quite different order.

Jonathan Yardley

JONATHAN YARDLEY *is book editor of* The Miami Herald.

Fine Print

Prophets without honor, etc.

Doris Grumbach

I have been meaning to write about **The American Poetry Review** for some time. A tabloid-sized, newsprint, bimonthly publication, it seems to me to be a valuable addition to outlets for poetry, as well as to the world of criticism. Its co-founder and publisher was Sidney H. Berg, it is now edited by his son, Stephen; its issues have grown increasingly expert and incisive with each volume (this is its third year). Regular columnists deal with poetry in their own way; Joyce Carol Oates (who must hold some kind of world record for multiple appearances in print in any one period of time), Diane Wakowski and Donald Hall are among its columnists. Familiar and important names write special-supplement contributions.

In the *APR* issue for May/June 1974 there are a number of interesting contributions, not the least of which, to my biased mind, is June Jordan's "The Black Poet Speaks of Poetry." Her thesis is that "white people/white editors, of major/nationwide magazines and publishing houses simply do not read and do not value and do not publish what I would call The Black Poem." There follow citations of who those major/nationwide magazines are and lo, *The New Republic* leads all the rest: "Although *TNR* regards itself as a political journal, when have you seen a political Black poem published there?"

You will note that the black poem, in the course of a few sentences, has transmuted itself to something called the *political* black poem. When I wrote to her to point out the notice *TNR* has taken of black poets and writers, she made this distinction: "The kind of poetry I am referring to is Distinctly Black/Political poetry." Disclaiming my citations of Alice Walker, Sterling Brown, Barbara Smith, Michael Harper, Ishmael Reed, Ivan Webster as examples of writers whom *TNR* either has published, is about to publish, or has dealt with critically, she said none of them qualified under her stringent definition, which by now had acquired a new word, "Distinctly." She accused *TNR* of "having been offered, and has steadily refused to publish Distinctly Black/Political Poetry many times in the last several years" (capital letters are all hers). My response was that I had no way of knowing for certain from the ms. that the DBP poetry *was* black, or was by a black. So it was entirely possible that, for reasons other than racist I or my predecessor *had* returned the poetry offered to us by DBP poets. Our correspondence went on in this fashion, she accusing me of "patronizing response" that is "so apparently the nature of your immediate reaction to criticism by Black People."

This drove me not so much to anger as to June Jordan's own poetry, the only DBP poet she cited in her letter as having been rejected by us. (I am constrained to add that when I wrote telling her the names of other noted poets—*white*—whose poems I had rejected she suggested we discontinue our correspondence because she could not read my handwriting.) Her newest book is called **New Days,** published in September of this year by Emerson Hall publishers (62 West 85 St., NYC 10024; $7.95, paper $4.95). It contains some very admirable poems, some very angry ones (clearly what she would call Political), but an even greater number that I would call love poems, or poems of exile and return in her words in which neither the color of the poet nor her politics are apparent. For example:

Shortsong From My Heart

Within our love the world
looks like a reasonable easy plan
the continents the ocean
are not harder/larger than the dreams
Our dreams
so readily embrace
and time is absolute newspace
beginning where you are
the sex of family and clear
far goal at once
beginning where you are
I am beginning to belong/befree
Let me be borne into the mystery
with you
Let me come home.

There are other very good ones, some I like somewhat less, though they are not necessarily the Distinctly Black Political ones, and a few I liked not at all, convincing me that *TNR* or the other media she accuses—*NY Times, New Yorker, NY Review of Books, American Review, Harper's, Atlantic,* and a number of publishing houses—may have rejected poets for a number of reasons besides racism, among them, the private esthetic of the literary editor, the poetic value of the submitted poem, the state of things at the publishing house at the moment (some publications, like ours, are stocked for a year or more with accepted poetry) and, God help us, space limitations.

A political friend at *The New York Times* recently called me to protest a review (in the *Sunday Times*) of a book he admired, a novel by Jane Barnes Casey called **I. Krupskaya** (Houghton Mifflin; $6.95). Lumped together in an omnibus review with nonfiction works like *Ava, Joan,* and Eleanor McGovern's personal story, the review of the novel made a few unjustified (to me) claims ("large chunks of confusing history are included"—confusing to whom?) and one deadly judgment in a paragraph-review: that Krupskaya "was also dull."

As reviewers we are all at some time or other guilty of too hasty and too short dismissals. After a long sunny Sunday of absorbed reading, I must conclude this review is an example. I found Jane Casey's book an extraordinary model of what might be called imaginative history. None of the "history" in it struck me as confusing. *Au contraire* I was impressed with the way Casey was able to make absorbing the year-by-year progress of Krupskaya's life with difficult, removed, single-minded Lenin, precisely *because* they were so deeply involved with the politics of the 20 years or so before the revolution. What I found most fascinating was what the *Times* reviewer was most interested in too: the places where "the author is literally inventing Krupskaya's inner feelings, for then Casey [has] a chance to exercise her very great talent as a writer." In fact I think those times, which form the major portion of the books, are its major achievement, unusual, imaginative re-creation of the inner life of a political, all-too-human, highly intelligent woman.

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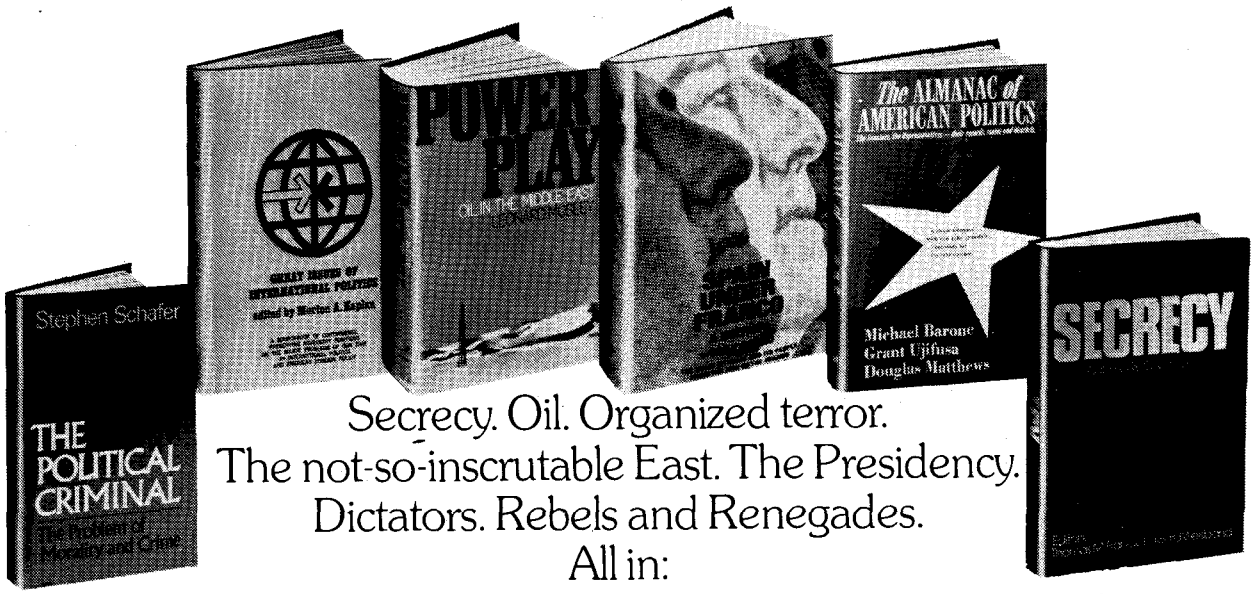

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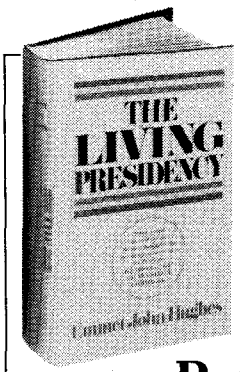

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Kenneth Evett on art

Projekt '74: Cologne

When the venerable Bienmale de Venezia temporarily collapsed under the pressures of inflation, installation problems and Italianate dissensions, Projekt '74, though not planned to do so, became for this summer the main European showplace for a display of the latest art models produced in the automobile-enslaved societies of the Western world. Proclaimed by the large posters bearing the image of a sunset sky and the simultaneously defensive and didactic phrase "Kunst Bleibt Kunst" (Art Remains Art), Projekt '74 was predicated on official reverence for esthetic innovation. As trained art historians, the five curators of Cologne who organized the exhibition took for granted their role as prophetic advocates, endowed with an inherent responsibility to seek out and encourage advanced art of the '70s, thereby providing a steady flow of fresh "old masters" to be enshrined in the decade-conscious, instant-art history books.

The exhibition also embodied the popular curatorial view that the proper function of a museum is to call into question not only the nature of art but its own cultural mission as well. Given the orthodoxy of these preconceptions, it was not surprising that Projekt '74 provided a predictable array of processes and styles that have already been sanctioned by the international art establishment and are now familiar fare on the American college art circuit. Except for the inclusion of Norman Daly's "Civilization of Llhuros," which is in a class by itself, and the introduction of what may be called "anthropological art," the exhibition suffered from the common 20th-century museum fixation—an indiscriminate hospitality toward whatever is thought to be new and chic.

Projekt '74 abounded in fun house displays that depend on energy consuming electronic gadgetry. One wing of Cologne's Kunsthalle was a veritable jungle of extension cords, cables, projectors, loudspeakers and TV sets. These devices filled the air with those ubiquitous sounds that have become the leitmotifs for such displays, the steady clicking changes of the automatic slide machines, the mechanical drone of the stereo speakers, and, conversely, the blankness and stubborn silence that ensues when those temperamental contraptions go on the blink. These amusement park shows made varying demands on the patience and interest span of the observer. Bruce Nauman's minimal creation, consisting of a long narrow corridor terminated by a TV set that projected a diminishing prospect of the viewer's backside as he walked toward the luminous box, required very little perceptual effort, though it might have been quite an anatomical feat to reverse the procedure. Equally undemanding was Murray Fauro's clacking wooden contrivance that humped and undulated a white sheet, while one of the omnipresent projectors sprayed moving pictures of incoming surf over its heaving surface. More complicated environmental shows enveloped the viewer with distracting visual stimuli and insistent aural assaults. While it is claimed that these automated multimedia environments engage the observer as a participant

Norman Daly

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at a heightened state of awareness, it seems to me that they merely use him as a passive recipient of given sensations. Once their momentary titillation has been experienced, they abandon him to the contemplation of intolerably repetitious reruns.

In contrast to these 1984 Big-Brother displays, certain conceptual exhibits made inordinate demands on the mind and body of the viewer. It seemed downright inhumane to expect the willing *Kulturhund*, already beset by museum visitor's aching back and tired feet, to stand for hours on end and read through an abstruse volume like "Problems in Analysis," as offered, accompanied by one esoteric chart as the sole visual element, in the conceptual exhibit "A Symposium in Honor of Solomon Bochner." And what visitor would be inclined, even on a grey, rainy day in the Rhineland, to withdraw from the compulsive progress of exhibition sightseeing into one of the four windowless cubicles, each with an identical enigmatic chart, and study highbrow treaties on "Anthropological Art" or "Concept of Culture," as presented in Joseph Kosuth's creation?

These are hard times for revolutionary art. In that bastion of the revolution, the Soviet Union, modest efforts to explore and exhibit the possibilities of abstract art are set upon by authorities driving bulldozers and street-washing machines. But in the capitalist nations of the "free world," radical movements are immediately spotted by alert dealers, art magazines, museum directors, and promptly gobbled up by capitalists who then convert the radical creation into a status symbol to be manipulated as one more commodity on the world market. Most artists are eager to participate in this process, but one contingent of Projekt '74 seemed determined to resist. Their tactic was to produce works that were either so transitory or so complex and unwieldy that they defied easy acquisition and conventional display.

In addition to this subversive stance, they also eschewed the abstract formalist dogmas and restrictive iconography that have dominated the art world for the past 30 years. Although their approach led them into the peripheral regions of anthropology and archaeology, their evident goal was to restore human subject matter as the focus of their creative efforts. This resulted in straight anthropological exhibitions, like the Poirier's study of an African tribe or Christian Boltkanski's amusing and affectionate exhibition of photographically recorded activities, actual worldly possessions, and visual creations of a French school child. Most impressive of these quasi-scientific exhibits was Nikolaus Lang's presentation of archaeological remains found in an abandoned German farm house. Old clothes, toys, tools, photos, worn shoes and other family relics were perversely displayed in stylish, Arp-like, free-form enclosures or laid out on immaculate white surfaces. In addition to human artifacts, Lang's exhibition included a collection of desiccated martin turds, found on the site, artfully arranged to resemble an obscure alphabet, and a display of the remaining fur and bones of a dead rabbit that had been suspended in a sling over a nest of ants. The swarming decimation of the animal's carcass by the insects was sequentially recorded and then displayed by the artist in a series of still photographs. Beyond the gratuitous shock of this nasty bit, Lang's exhibition of abandoned and recovered relics of a human family had that poignant appeal to fellow feeling, spanning differences of time and place, that is characteristic of archaeological exhibitions in general. Even though Lang's design lacked the formal and conceptual synthesis to match the appeal of his found objects, his work reinstates human content at the center of the visual arts.

Evidently the organizers of Projekt '74 shared the fashionable view that the art of painting on flat, bounded surface is *kaput*; their token examples of that ancient art form seemed calculated to support the assumption. A few perfunctory abstract expressionist splatterings from Italy, mixed-media canvases carrying a weight of words that made them more literary than pictorial, a few mechanical graph-paper abstractions and a group of the worst examples of that mindless American phenomenon, photo-realism, represented the traditional visual arts at Cologne. Serenely remote from these manifestations and the pervasive sideshow atmosphere at the Kunsthalle, Jan Dibbets' soaring collage arc, with its poetic evocation of time, space and silence suggested that there still may be some life left in the old two-dimensional format after all.

Norman Daly's "Civilization of Llhuros" (first reviewed in these pages) was a major component of Projekt '74 and gave the exhibition its greatest distinction. Occupying the entire first floor of the new Romisch-Germanisches Museum, which is near Cologne cathedral and shares an expansive piazza with that relentlessly vertical structure, Daly's exhibition was carefully calculated to exploit the juxtaposition of the museum's authentic Roman archaeological remains and the fake antiquities of his own imaginary civilization. Obliged to cope with this puzzling congruence, the hordes of international visitors who made their way through the traps and multilevel ambiguities of Daly's conceptual creation with only a German-language catalog to guide them, may have missed much of the wit, poetry and contemporary social relevance of his remarkable work. However the visual impact of Llhuros survived the transatlantic crossing. While those haunting images of a society that never existed are strangely expressive of the neurotic phobias and erotic preoccupations of our own culture, they are also designed with fine proportions, coherent sequences of contour and shape, sensuous surfaces and inventive formal surprises. Those attributes give real meaning to the slogan "Kunst Bleibt Kunst."

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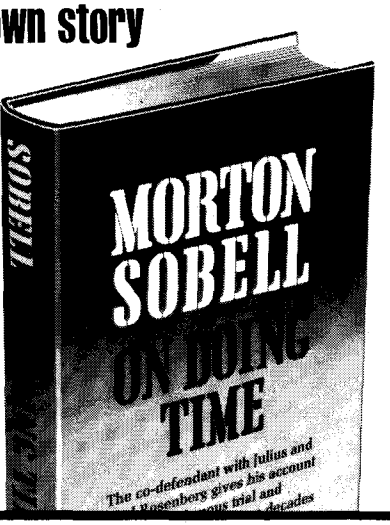

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Correspondence

On Senate Voting

Sirs:

In the 12 Senate votes you used in your "Rating the 93rd Congress" article (TNR, Oct. 26, 1974), the vote you chose to reflect the campaign financing issue is so obscure that many readers are likely to be misled.

TNR's choice was the vote on a "motion to table" by Sen. Howard Cannon, who was the floor manager of the Senate bill and who was also the principal force behind the far-reaching comprehensive campaign reform measure that the Senate eventually adopted, calling for full public financing of all general elections for federal office, with additional public financing of primary elections for such office.

In the parliamentary situation at the time, Sen. Cannon's motion was an effort to block a weaker proposal that called for only partial public financing of general elections and no public financing for primaries. Sen. Cannon's effort was successful, and the weakening proposal was defeated by the overwhelming margin of 66-23 as TNR's rating states.

Granted TNR favored this weaker version of public financing, not the more comprehensive proposal the Senate finally approved. But this particular vote was hardly a useful referendum on the basic issue, because it reflected an unusual parliamentary "squeeze" play. As a rough approximation of an even more complex situation that would take a full TNR article to explain, it is fair to say that the 66 votes for Sen. Cannon's motion were cast primarily by those who favored comprehensive public financing and by those who favored no public financing at all, while the 23 votes against the motion were cast primarily by those who favored the weaker partial public financing proposal. (The 23 votes also included a few senators who, as a matter of parliamentary principle, never vote in favor of a motion to table, on the ground that all matters should come to a "final" vote).

None of this intricacy is apparent from TNR's analysis. The upshot of TNR's rating is to lump together the principal sponsors of the comprehensive Senate public financing bill and most of the diehard opponents of public financing. That explains, for example, why your rating shows Sens. Bayh and Biden on

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the same side of this important issue with Sens. Helms and Hruska, and why Sens. Hart and Hathaway appear on the same side with Sens. Thurmond and Tower. Strange bedfellows to say the least, and hardly a useful indicator of Senate views on this basic issue.

There were many other votes on public financing that TNR might have used for its rating. On the same day, for example, by a 64-30 vote, the Senate broke a filibuster by the opponents of public financing and thereby guaranteed passage of the bill. The parliamentary posture of that vote was much less complicated, and the vote would have been a wiser choice by TNR for rating the Senate on the very important post-Watergate reform on campaign financing.

Edward M. Kennedy
US Senate

In reply:
We agree with Sen. Kennedy. The 64-30 vote was a more telling division.

The Editors

WINner Revealed

Sirs:
At the outdoor press conference of the President, held the day after his supposed anti-inflation message to Congress, Mr. Ford announced that the first person to join his "WIN" anti-inflation program was one of the attending reporters, a Mr. Osborne. Are that Mr. Osborne and your gentleman John Osborne one and the same man? If so, could he provide the readers with an explanation? After all, as you yourselves have pointed out ("Biting the Bullet," *TNR* October 19, 1974) that WIN program has some major, if not fatal, flaws.

Mark Gruenberg
Chicago, Illinois

In reply:
For laughs, I typed on a WIN coupon addressed to Mr. Ford: "I am especially interested in saving my own energy. I will retire and do absolutely nothing if you will grant me a pension of $20,000 a year." Another reporter gave a photocopy of this absurdity to Press Secretary Ron Nessen 10 minutes before Mr. Ford opened his press conference. Without explanation, and no doubt intending to return joke for joke, Mr. Ford held the photocopy aloft and identified me as an early WINner.

John Osborne

Beat Chronology

Sirs:
In your issue of October 15 on page 23 there is a review of a new book, *Allen Verbatim* by Allen Ginsberg, with a significant error by the reviewer. The error is in part due to Ginsberg's faulty memory about the emergence of the Beat community as having occurred in 1948.

The reviewer is content to accept that year as fact, and makes the point of it a major element of his review. . . .

Ginsberg is quoted in the review as having recalled that in " '48 was when I had my Blake epiphany experiences . . . Yeah. In 1948 Gary Snyder in Portland finished his Amer-Indian anthropology unified field theory honors thesis to graduate . . . and then went down to the Willamette River and sat down in dawn silence . . ."

It could not have been 1948, at least it couldn't have been for Snyder. He was at Reed College—where I knew him—and graduated in 1952. That four-year difference may not be significant in the Beat chronology, but I suspect it may be of more than passing importance to those who are concerned about the origins of the Beat in America. . . .

Robert Richter
Ardsley, NY

Kauffmann, *from page 36*
first tryout productions of his plays in Scarborough, far from London. But Thompson, also an ex-actor, directs the plays in London and has built this one with the frivolous ingenuity of one of those huge matchstick castles. Timing is precise; concentration is utter. And Thompson has solved the age-old problem of theater farce that Sennett never had to face. When there are two or three or 10 actors in a film scene and only one of them is doing something, the director just cuts away from the others, closes in on the main man so that the others won't be standing around with the proverbial egg on their face. But the stage director can't send the other actors off stage: he has to find some way to keep the others both neutral and supportive of whatever Number-One-at-the-moment is doing. Thompson handles this well in every case, and there are lots of cases. Mostly it's a matter of eyes. Thompson has given his actors careful instruction about what they ought to be thinking about and looking at when they are not figuratively center, so that they are really in the scene, not just actors waiting for cues, without being distracting. The whole thing is put together with superlative craft.

So there are good farce performances from Carole Shelley, the only English member of a cast that does well with English accents; Richard Kiley, that fine romantic actor who almost made *Man of La Mancha* bearable; Larry Blyden; and Geraldine Page, enjoyably overarticulating her platitudes as the lush. Even the oleaginous Tony Roberts is tolerable (he's the architect). And, heaven be praised, I have lived long enough to write a favorable word about Sandy Dennis. As the glazed neurotic, wandering around her kitchen, trying patiently to kill herself, she is very, very funny.

Half the laurels at least, then, to Eric Thompson. If you never expected again to see a play in which a man carrying a bowl of potato chips is startled and whooshes them up into the air; in which another man is repairing electric wires when someone accidentally turns on the switch and the current makes him do a skeleton dance; and certainly never expected to see such things done well, then *Absurd Person Singular* will refresh you. Historically, it's interesting too: silent-film comedy fed on the theater of its day, and now it's feeding back into its source.

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